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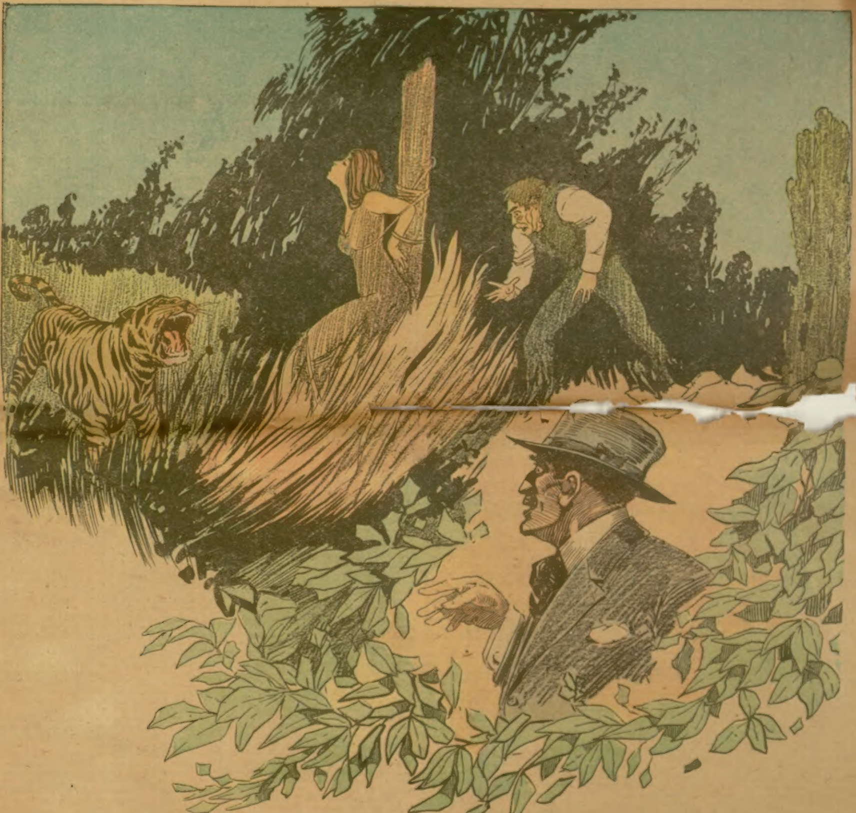

Keeneyes Solution

, The South Grove Mystery

By J. Breckenridge Ellis

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CHAPTER I.

THE small town of Pamiston entered into the terrible gloom of a most amazing tragedy without in the least being aware of the black shadows gathering over many of its inhabitants. On the 4th of May, which was a Thursday, nothing, so far as was generally known, happened, or was about to happen, to shock the citizens out of their wonted calm and serenity. On the 5th of May, everybody in Pamiston knew that something dreadful had occurred.

What had happened? That, nobody knew. At least, all that was known was of a fragmentary nature so incomplete as to be wholly baffling.

The discovery was made by a farmer who had driven into Pamiston at a very early hour, somewhere between 5 and 6 o'clock. On reaching a grove that skirted the road on the south, his attention had been attracted by a flickering light from the ground, as from a bonfire either just kindled or about to expire.

Thinking nothing of the matter, except that campers—that is to say, tramps—were passing thru the country, he drove on to town, nor did it occur to him to mention the circumstance of the fire to the few he met at the village store. Driving home about an hour later, he remembered the light and looked thru the trees. The fire had gone out. He drove on without a pause.

About 10 o'clock a boy who should have been at school, but who frequently, as now, proved truant, was slipping thru the grove to take the nearest way to the fishing pool. His attention was attracted by a great heap of cold ashes from the extremity of which a faint line of smoke was still curling.

He went to the place for inspection, and was surprised to find a high cedar post standing upright in the midst of the ashes. The post was scorched and charred from what must have been a very hot fire. Under the trees at some distance stood a large can. The boy examined it; it had been filled with coal oil, and no doubt the coal oil had been used to make the fire more intense.

All this surprised the boy, but he was not frightened. Of course the post had been used to hang food upon for cooking, altho it seemed to him that if two logs had been laid crosswise the cooking would have been much simpler.

Having poked among the ashes without finding anything, he started on his way for his stolen holiday, when his eyes were attracted by something white hanging from a tree at no great distance from the heap of ashes.

He advanced, and found it was a large piece of paper, and on this paper, which hung as if to attract the attention of the public, were written, or rather printed, in large bold letters, by a soft lead-pencil, these words:

"THIS WOMAN WAS
BURNED TO DEATH FOR
HER HORRIBLE CRIMES."

As soon as the boy read these words, everything about him instantly assumed a grewsome and thrilling aspect—the ashes, the upright post, the hushed breath of the grove, the solitude of the country road beyond which an extensive cornfield suggested watching eyes. With a cry of terror he ran at full speed, not toward the stream of which he had been daydreaming, but to his father's home, where, in stammering voice, he told what he had seen and read.

A short time later, everybody in Pamiston knew of the legend tacked to the walnut tree in the grove, and the farmer who had first seen the bonfire heard the news over his telephone.

But in the meantime, the raking and minutest examination of the ashes had taken place under the careful supervision of the officials of the village.

CHAPTER II.

AN EXAMINATION of the sinister heap of ashes resulted in several surprising developments. In the first place, there was no evidence to indicate that a human being had been burned to death at the post; at least, there were found no remains of an incinerated body. There was no chain clinging to the post, nor any particle of rope to show that anybody had been lashed to the support.

But on the other hand, a blackened ring and the wreck of a woman's gold watch were found in the ashes. The ring, however, of plain gold, was evidently that of a man.

[illegible] else was found in the ashes, [illegible] declared, after [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible]. A good deal of doubt was expressed as to the ability of chemical analysis to determine absolutely the origin of the ashes, as many supposed that the ashes of wood and, for instance, of garments, would be indistinguishable. But nobody believed the ashes to be those of a human being, because not the slightest morsel of a bone was to be unearthed.

The search for clews, naturally, was not confined to the ash-heap. The ground was examined minutely thruout the grove; if a vehicle had been driven into it from the road, tracks should have been found, since the earth under the trees was comparatively soft and susceptible of impressions. The tracks of wheels were not found, nor that of any human being except the boy who had first discovered the writing on the tree.

And yet tracks were found. They were the footprints of a four-footed animal, footprints that caused the farmers and townsfolk to rub their heads in perplexity. The prints were those of a large animal—but what animal? Certainly no animal with which Pamiston was familiar. Too large for a dog, unlike a horse—what then?

The day before, a circus had given an afternoon and a night performance in Pamiston. Inevitably the belief spread that a wild beast had escaped from the circus after leaving town, no doubt after reaching its next destination, and that this wild beast, lion or tiger, had returned to the suburbs of the town.

The very idea added a thrill of exquisite alarm and terror to the feelings already dominant. The sheriff telegraphed to Hart City, where it was understood the circus meant to exhibit that afternoon, inquiring if an animal had escaped from any of the cages. Suspense was at extreme tension while an answer was awaited to the inquiry. Suspense became almost a panic when the answer came——

Yes, an unusually large tiger had escaped, and search was being made in every direction from Hart City. On hearing this news, anxious mothers gathered their children indoors, and no boy thought of playing truant.

The mysterious footprints were now accounted for in the grove at the south margin of the village—the cluster of trees with a brook running across it, known as the South Grove, covering about two acres. But how these footprints were to be associated with the heap of ashes and the blackened post, imagination could not conceive. A tiger at large roaming the South Grove—had it anything at all to do with the man's ring and the woman's watch, and the terrible words printed on the paper which everybody read from its prominent position on the tree trunk:

"THIS WOMAN WAS
BURNED TO DEATH FOR
HER HORRIBLE CRIMES."

What woman? And what was the nature of the crimes of which she was guilty? Was she really guilty, or had some jealous monster only imagined her so? And, after all, had she been burned to death? Might she not have escaped before the lighted match had been applied to the coal-oil-soaked heap of wood? Or, could it be that she had escaped the fire to fall a victim to the voracious tiger?

There was no one in Pamiston who thought the whole affair a practical joke. The intrinsic value of the watch and ring would have prevented such an absurd fancy, even had not the fact of the loose tiger added color to every one's imaginings. It was impossible to think of the heap of ashes and the legend on the tree without associating with them, vaguely but absolutely, the image of the wandering wild beast.

But altho the idea of the scene in the South Grove having been prepared as a practical joke was inconceivable, several other suppositions were admissible.

First of these was the conclusion that a woman had really been burned to death as stated on the placard, and her charred remains had been removed, leaving only the ashes of the wood that had consumed her body.

As a second possibility, she might have escaped after the words had been posted upon the tree and before the fire had been ignited.

Thirdly, the man who had put the placard against the tree may at the time not have had the woman in his possession and had either meant to secure her later, or, knowing she was temporarily out of his power, had written his message and built his fire as a threat to her of what might be expected from him in the future. In any case, it was thought that the wandering tiger had probably taken a part, either frightening away the man or the woman, or actually springing upon one or both, and dragging the body away.

The question that stood uppermost in the minds of the citizens of Pamiston was: Who were the man and woman? If from another part of the country, why had they staged their tragedy at the edge of the village? If they were Pamiston people, as seemed a natural inference, who were they?

In order to answer this question, diligent search and inquiry were made as to any man or woman whose absence could not be accounted for. In order to miss no possible solution, all the absent ones were discussed.

Pamiston was a village of only about three hundred. It goes without saying that they all knew not only one another, but one another's relatives and one another's principal friends dwelling at a distance.

After an exhaustive search it was found that fifteen people were out of town concerning whose departure no one could speak authoritatively. Of these fifteen all but five were satisfactorily explained in the next day or two. Of the doubtful remaining five, their absense was natural, supposedly caused in perfectly normal ways, and yet, as absolute knowledge, it could not be said that any one knew why these five people had left Pamiston or where they were staying.

Public attention therefore was focused upon these five, and a detective who had been summoned to Pamiston undertook to find out whether or not any one of the five could have taken a part in the South Grove mystery.

At the same time, the detective, whose name was Richard Zellers, observed that it must not be taken for granted that the crime—if there were a crime—had been committed by one or more now out of town; that the criminals—if there were criminals—might never have left town, and that if twenty were absent whose absence could not be explained, still these twenty might each and every one be innocent of guilt.

The position taken by the detective was not popular. People felt that the criminals must have fled if they were indeed citizens of Pamiston, and therefore that they were at that time unaccountably absent except upon the explanation that they were hiding from justice.

In the meantime the tiger had been captured at least fifty miles from Pamiston, and, to the joy of the circus manager, had been caged without the necessity of putting a bullet under his sleek and striped skin. If he had committed any depredations save those in a certain flock of sheep, no one knew of it.

The five absent ones whom the detective undertook to trace down were as follows:

A huge negro known as Tuck, who was not very industrious, and, being fond of slouching from place to place, spending a day's earnings in several days' drinkings, might be expected to go and come at any time. He had no family, but kept his dues paid in the African Lodge that he might in due time be decently buried—a man past 50, very strong, very indigent.

Then there were Doctor and Mrs. Free, a couple not yet of middle age, who had been in town on Wednesday, two days before the discovery of the placard on the tree, and who were now out of town.

To be added to these three were Samson Plim and Mrs. Hannah Dubois.

Samson Plim was the manager and principal owner of the Plim Dry Goods Company, and had presumably gone to Kansas City or Chicago to order a fresh stock of goods, as he had expressed his intention of doing so to his clerks in the early part of the week. No one knew just when he had left town. He was a bachelor, and stayed at a private boarding-house kept by a widow of the highest respectability. Samson Plim himself was a sober, tireless business man, greatly respected. It was felt that if ever Pamiston became a larger place, it would be greatly owing to Mr. Plim's enterprising and wisely directed activities.

Unfortunately, the character of Mrs. Hannah Dubois was by no means so highly esteemed as that of Samson Plim. She had made what the most charitable inhabitants had called "mistakes," until a repetition of these scandalous performances had convinced the most leniently disposed that the deeds were not mistakes but deliberate lapses from good old-fashioned morality. She had come of a good family and had been married to a good man, but nothing could hedge her in from the evils of the world to keep her good, and there was no woman in Pamiston who thought so little of herself, and no man who thought so little of what others might suspect, as willingly to speak to Mrs. Hannah Dubois on the public highway.

Still, there was nothing known to the inhabitants of Pamiston that set Hannah Dubois apart as a woman of "horrible crimes," and if it came to burning such women at the stake for what she was known to have done, where would the conflagration cease? Who would light the first match? The best element of the town had long ago wished that she might be driven out of Pamiston, without reflecting what evil they were wishing other villages; but death, and death by fire at that, would have been voted her by no one in the place. Her family had been too highly respected, and then—even she was a woman. Moreover, it was known that she had been really attached to her husband, and still treasured some of his gifts that had been dear to her before their divorce.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE five whose absence from town could not be accounted for with absolute certainty, the negro Tuck was the first to return and explain where he had been and what he had been doing. The explanation was amazing, and immediately added to the grewsome mystery of the South Grove.

He was first seen by several of his own race, coming into Pamiston on foot late at night, hatless and in a condition suggesting that he had been indulging in his favorite pastime of making and keeping himself drunk. But he did not speak as one intoxicated, rather as one who had been frightened out of his wits.

"Don't ask me nothing, boys," he stammered, slouching toward the miserable hut where he lived alone at the extreme edge of the village. "I been out of my head since Thursday night."

It was Thursday night on which whatever had happened at South Grove had occurred, and naturally inquiries poured thick and fast upon him; but he would tell his companions nothing.

When the white portion of the town heard of his return, and when he just as persistently refused to explain his recent absence, he was locked up in jail until the return of the detective.

Richard Zellers at the time was away trying to trace down the five absentees. He came back the next day without having learned very much, and was delighted to hear that one of them—Tuck—was safely in hand.

"He refuses to talk?" Zellers exclaimed, rubbing his hands. "Good!"

His manner suggested that that was exactly as he could have wished. At his request he was left alone in the cell with the negro, while the sheriff waited out of earshot in the corridor, the outer door locked.

"So you are Tuck, eh?" inquired the detective, kindly, leaning his back against the wall and extending his long thin legs as far in front of him as he could, while preserving his balance.

"Boss, I don't know whether it is or not. I don't know nothing no more," said the negro, dully. "I thought I was Tuck up to that Thursday night I left town, and I thought I knowed beans when the bag was open."

"Has anybody fooled you with something that looked like beans and was not beans?" Keeneyes inquired blandly. "Come, come, Tuck, nobody can hear what you say, and you are absolutely safe from the world, for nobody could break into the jail to injure you. I am a detective——"

Tuck started to life with sudden animation. "Is you?" he asked in awe. "Is you shore 'nuff, boss? Then of course it's the thing to tell you what's troubling my soul."

"Of course it's right. You have something to tell. I'm the man to hear it; and being a detective, I'm the man to explain everything to your soul."

"And do you reckon you can explain to my soul what I seen that night?"

"Certainly."

"And what I heerd?"

Richard Zellers replied with gratifying assurance that he had not the slightest doubt in the world of his being able to do so.

The negro looked wonderfully relieved—he appeared as a new man as he perched on the edge of his little iron bed.

"Of course you can, 'cause you're a detective," he said, as if to make himself have more confidence. "I never seen one before, but I've heard lots about your tribe. And I'll just naturally tell you what I never 'lowed to tell a human being, knowing human beings would just laugh at me and not believe me what I said, and get me into trouble and maybe suspect me of being at the bottom of the whole thing. But you're not a human being—I mean in a way. You're a detective——"

To put him more at the ease, Kellers drew back his coat and displayed his detective's badge. Tuck gazed upon it with great admiration, then resumed:

"Boss, how must I tell the marblous thing that happened or seemed to happen on that there night? Must I begin at the beginning or at the middle?"

Zellers regarded him with a critical look. "Tuck, is it a long story?"

"There's a mighty sight to tell," Tuck admitted, more and more at his ease.

"Then begin at the end, or towards the end," said Zellers, cheerfully, "for as I've something else to do today, you might never reach the important part until after I was gone."

The other was disappointed, but he did not hesitate.

"All right, boss. Then when the woman was moaning and trying to scream, but not being able to for the handkerchief or cloth or whatever it was that was tied across her mouth, I was so scared that the flesh stopped crawling down my back. Honest, boss, I was paralyzed, I was petrified. My blood couldn't run. It was froze up at all the dams. You see, he was pouring the coal oil over that great heap of brush and dry leaves and newspapers and splintery kindling, and all the time keeping saying in a low but awful voice that her time was about come."

"Where was she?"

"A-laying on the ground, her arms fastened behind her back and her feet tied to the trunk of a tree at the bottom. She could see what he was doing, and he had tied her just so she could. I wish I could tell you how I felt. But they ain't no words for it. Why, boss, it was just like——"

"Yes, yes, I can understand. Did they know you were there looking on?"

Tuck shook his head. "But, you see, I wasn't there," he objected.

"You were not there?" The detective was fearfully disappointed at this statement, for it was spoken in the accents of palpable truth, and at once removed the negro from the light of a possible witness. "But you said you were scared to death at all of it."

"I reckon I was!" Tuck cried forcibly. "It was so scand'lous, so terrible scand'lous, him treating a woman that way, and her so helpless."

"Where were you at the time you have been describing—at the time this man was building the fire and the woman was moaning?"

"Why, I was at home in bed, boss."

"But yet you tell me you were petrified with terror."

"Yes, boss, that was when she was telling me all about it."

"She? Who?"

"The woman he was going to tie to that post. Yes, sir, she tell me everything, and when she did, she paint it so real that my knees was too full of bones to bend; they couldn't even knock [illegible]gether. Yes, boss, it was when she [illegible] me all about it that my hair——"

"But when the thing happen[illegible] knew nothing about it?"

"A-course not. I was sou[illegible] and never had no idea about any [illegible] woman doing such as that in a[illegible] whole world. It was when she tell [illegible] all about it——"

"When did she tell you?"

"I guess it must 'a' been about 2 or half-past 2 o'clock in the dead of the morning, boss."

The detective felt a sudden thrill of hope and confidence. After all, this seemingly half-witted fellow had something to reveal.

CHAPTER IV.

THE detective reflected that Tuck might naturally be considered very superstitious, therefore easily imposed on. At the same time, it was not to be expected that he could tell a logical story

READ "KEENEYES' SOLUTION; or, THE SOUTH GROVE MYSTERY," by J. Breckenridge Ellis, in this issue. You will find it a most fascinating detective story. One of the strangest adventure stories we have ever published will appear in next week's Ledger. It is entitled, "THE MANDALORE PRINCESS; or, THE GREAT RUBY OF ROO," by Will Gage Carey. It will tell you how two young Americans went to a South Sea island and got into a human hornet's nest, and rescued a captive princess and the "Ruby of Roo." Read it and forget your troubles. Boys, next week look out for "MOTORCYCLE MARK; or, RIVALS OF THE WHEEL." You will find out something if you read it.

unless he were relating facts known to himself.

So far, all that he had said might have been the relation of purely imaginative ideas, tho his manner suggested one thoroly convinced of the truth of his own statements. Had Tuck hypnotized himself by fixing his mind upon a nightmare and visualizing it to himself, or would he prove a creditable witness of that Thursday night's tragedy—if tragedy there were?

This was soon to be answered, since the negro was now ready to talk—even anxious to talk; and he could not talk long without either convicting or proving himself.

"You tell me that the woman described all that had happened and described it so well as to make you feel you had actually seen what had taken place in South Grove?" the detective asked.

"Yes, boss."

"And she told you everything at about half-past 2 in the morning?"

"That's what she done, just about 2 or half-past 2."

"And you were in bed asleep when she was tied to the tree, that same night, presumably several hours, or, at any rate, some time before she told you about her narrow escape?"

"Yes, sir, she told me all 'bout it."

"Where were you when she told you all about it?"

"Why, boss, a-course I was in my shack out at the edge of town where I live when I'm at home."

"Then she came there and woke you up?"

"A-course. You see, I was sound asleep, up till when she knock on the winder-pane."

"Who was this woman, Tuck? You knew her, or she wouldn't have come to you. What's her name?"

"Mr. Detective——"

"Well? What's the matter?"

"I dassent answer that there question."

"There's nothing to be afraid of. You are safe in jail, and I am a detective well known thruout the country."

"Yes, sir, but you see, boss, I ain't well known thruout the country, I ain't very well known nowhere."

"What of that?"

"Just this, boss. If something happened to me some dark night—say about 2 or half-past 2 of the morning, if I just naturally was spirited away, nobody wouldn't miss me. They wouldn't keer. They wouldn't look for me, and that would be the end of Tuck."

"Do you mean to say that if you tell me the name of this woman, you might be in danger of being kidnaped or spirited away, as you call it?"

"That there's just naturally what I mean, boss."

"Then you mustn't tell me her name."

The negro's face shone with sudden and intense relief. "Thanky', boss!"

"Do you know the man who wanted to burn this woman at the stake?"

"You see, boss, I wandered about lots in my life, and I met up with lots of people. It's 'sprising how many folks I does know, sir."

"But you don't want to tell me the man's name?"

"I dassent."

"That's all right," Zellers said soothingly. "I don't want you to."

Again Tuck looked his heartfelt relief and gratitude.

"Would you mind telling me whether or not this man and woman live or ever lived in Pamiston?"

"I'd ruther not say nothing that would he'p you to tree airy one of 'um."

Tuck looked doubtfully at his visitor, as if fearing that the suppression of the identity of the man and woman might rob his story of all value. Zellers hastened to reassure him on this point, concealing every trace of disappointment.

"Now, Tuck, the main thing, after all, that I want to know is, what happened that night—everything that the woman told you, and everything that you learned yourself. Did the woman tell you why the man intended to kill her, or how he got her in his power, or how he brought her to the grove?"

"Boss, it was like this: I was sound asleep. It was a mighty dark night. I thought I heard a rat gnawing, but bimeby I seen it was somebody at the winder on the outside, tapping on the glass. I didn't know what to think."

"So you got up and went to the door?"

"Not at first. I say out loud and bold, 'Who you are and what you want? And why don't you go away?' I says. I'm big, boss; I'm strong, and I ain't skeered of no nigger in Pamiston. Then she say who she was, and I was paralyzed."

"It was a woman you wouldn't be expecting knocking at your window?"

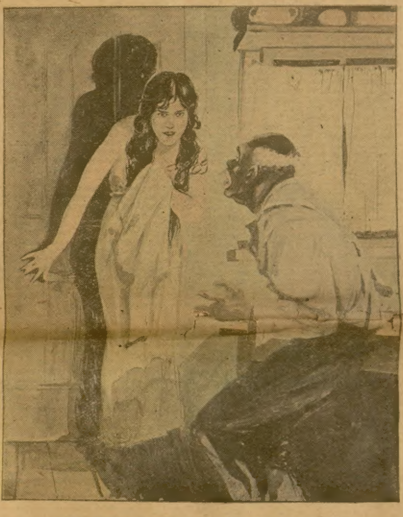
"Well, I should say! Why, boss—but never mind. I gits up hasty and grabs some duds and opens the door. In she comes like a flash, closes the door easy and locks it, blows out the candle I'd lit, and stands with her back against the door as near as I could guess; it was pitch-dark. She was breathing hard like she'd been running a long ways, so she couldn't say nothing for a spell, and I just stood in the middle of the room gasping. The light before she blowed it out had showed me it was her, and in a dreffal state, too, her clothes all tore, and blood on her face and arms—the sleeves was hanging in ribbons. I tried to say something, but I couldn't. No, boss, I couldn't. And as soon as she could speak, she says, 'Don't breathe, Tuck, don't make no sound.' Bimeby she quit panting, and the room was like a pin dropping. I listened with all my ears, and I guess she did, too, to find out if anybody was outside, for I guessed she'd run away from something or somebody, and that's what she'd done. And she done it successful. Nobody else didn't come trying to get in at the winder or the door neither, no, sir."

"You were glad of that?"

"Well, I should say yes! So we stayed that way quite a spell, and bimeby she gits a chair and sets it a'gin' the door, and there she camps till it began to be something like daylight outside. Then she tells me to creep out and lose myself somewheres, and not come home for twenty-fo' hours, and she's going to hide in my shack all day and not show herself."

"About what time was it when you went away?"

"It begins to git light somewheres around 5 o'clock, boss, so it must of been about that time. I don't kerry a watch, and if I done, I wasn't looking at timepieces that day. Boss, I was plumb skeered to a blue goose-liver. I knowed better than not to go when she told me, but what she'd said about what took place in the grove made me so crazy that to go out in that half-dark half-light was like taking the skin off my own body. But I went, and I stayed away."



"Don't breathe, Tuck, don't make no sound!"

"Did you meet the man that had threatened the woman's life."

"I didn't meet nobody, boss. The world was empty like an old glove."

"So you hid away until you'd gotten over your scare?"

"Not that long, 'cause I ain't over it yet. I expect that man could come right thru them iron bars; and I bet that's what he'd do if he knowed I was giving him away."

"Don't worry about that, since you haven't named any names. Now, tell me all that the woman told you about what happened in the grove. How did the man get her there, what did she do when she was there, and how did she manage to escape?"

CHAPTER V.

FOR a while the negro hesitated to speak. Again the detective succeeded in reassuring him with the reminder that he had not mentioned any names. Tuck, weighing this at a higher value, perhaps, that was warrantable, gathered courage, and spoke:

"That's right, boss. Then I'll tell you what she said happened in the South Grove that night. But it was her way of telling it that curdled my blood. Anyway, that had right smart to do with it, I guess.

"The woman, she says that she was asleep that night just like I was when she woke me up, and first thing she knowed, somebody was gagging her so she couldn't cry out, and then tying her so she couldn't move. Then she was lifted up and carried away and put in a spring wagon, her a-laying on the floor of the wagon like a sack of cornmeal, and was drove to the South Grove, and was took out of the wagon from the road and carried into the grove so there wouldn't be no wagon tracks, and was fastened to the tree as I done told you."

"Was the man who gagged her and drove her to South Grove the same man who built the fire and threatened to burn her alive?"

"You see, boss, there was a cloth fastened over her face so she couldn't see nothing, and when she was trussed to the tree and the cloth was took away so she could see the brush-heap, the man that was going to burn her alive was all she see. It might of been the same man, it might not, for not one word was spoke to her till she was in the grove."

"Did she think it was the same man?"

"Boss, she didn't 'spress no 'pinion to me. She just say nobody spoke to her till the man in the grove says for her to look on the wood that would bimeby make ashes outer her."

"What became of the spring wagon after she was lifted out of it?"

"She never say nothing more 'bout the wagon, she too taken up with her own self."

"What kind of a horse was driven to the wagon? What was its color?"

"Why, good land, boss, such things as them never come into my head, and anyhow, she never say nothing 'bout it. The meat and marrow of the high doings was so strong, I didn't have no taste for side dishes. Think of that po' woman, as pretty as a picture, laying on the ground ready to be burnt alive, and asking her the color of the hoss that brung her to the stake. No boss, my mind never wandered to that hoss from the second it stopped at the edge of the grove to bring her to her agony."

"Well, well, proceed."

"There she laid waiting to be grabbed and tied to the stake, him pouring the coal oil on the brush-heap, and her feeling like a dead woman. And then all of a sudden something awful and stealthy and onhuman come gliding thru the trees, with fiery coals instid of eyes and tombstones instid of teeth, and hair like a woman's only with a serpent waving over the hair——"

Zellers nodded. "It was the tiger," he explained.

Tuck started up. "Tiger?" Evidently he had not heard of the escaped beast. "Was they a tiger loose? And does people know about it? I mean, the common folks, the men about town, not a special nigger like me?"

"Of course—a tiger escaped from the circus that had shown here."

"Well, what do you think about that! I just 'sposed it was a ha'nt. I knew you white folks wouldn't believe me. That's why I never told any of this story—I mean it's one of the reasons. I thought you'd laugh at the whole thing, and then say I'd made that bonfire myself. So it was a sure-enough tiger! Well, anyway, h'ant or tiger, it made that man put out for dear life, running fit to kill, the tiger after him, or, anyhow, him thinking it was, and that left the woman all alone in the grove. So I cut her loose as quick's lightning, and if the man come back to look, I never knowed. And she set the bonfire on fire and skipped out."

No sooner had Tuck spoken the last words than the detective exclaimed, suddenly leaving his position against the wall, and stepping toward the negro?"

"Do you want to get out of here?"

The prisoner, startled by the other's manner, opened his eyes wide as he faltered:

"What that you say, boss? Do I want to git out of here?"

"Yes; do you want to be a free man?"

"Yes, sir, I does. Before I had this talk with you I didn't care about being loose. I thought nobody'd believe what I was saying, and they'd get to suspicioning me. But after telling you everything I knowed, I got a mighty big trouble off my mind."

"Just so, just so. Now, I'll get you out of here right away if you'll promise me one thing."

The negro looked uneasy. "What dat, boss?"

"That you refuse to talk about what happened Thursday night. If people—no matter what people—inquire about it, just tell them that you've imparted all your knowledge to the detective, and the detective has requested you to keep mum and let him do all the talking."

Tuck brightened up visibly. "That suit me clear down to the ground," he declared with a grin. "You bet I don't want to say nothing on the subject; it ain't no fascinating subject to yours truly, no, boss, it ain't."

"Then it's agreed," said Zellers, with an inscrutable smile.

Without further delay he left the cell and spoke to the sheriff. Since Tuck's arrest had been made upon mere vague suspicion, occasioned by his absence from town, his detention in the jail was quite beyond legal justification, and there was no trouble about setting him free.

But before this was done, Zellers had asked of the sheriff the recommendation of a boy to be absolutely trusted—a boy whom he meant to detain to watch Tuck from the moment he left his prison bars. The sheriff proposed his own son, Tad Walsh, aged 14 years.

What suspicion the detective may have entertained respecting Tuck, he did not indicate. Indeed, he did not say that he suspected Tuck at all; but, of course, the fact that he meant to have him closely watched told the sheriff that suspicions were in the [illegible] And suspicions had [illegible] inevitable.

Tuck had declared with all the solemnity his countenance lent, that at the time the mysterious woman had had her life threatened in South Grove by the nameless man, he, Tuck, had been sound asleep in bed. And then, later, carried away by the force of his narrative, he had admitted that with his own hand he had cut the rope that bound the woman to the tree. Tuck had spoken falsely either when saying he was in bed, or in claiming to have been at that time in the grove.

Zellers, in order to prevent Tuck from realizing his mistake, had abruptly diverted his mind by suggesting giving him his liberty, and this abruptness had in fact succeeded in preventing Tuck from meditating on the slip he had made.

Why should Tuck have said he was in bed at the time of the tragic occurrences in the grove, if, as he later admitted, he had really been in the grove? Was it not because he had been a part of the sinister plot against the woman? Possibly he was the very man who had kidnaped her and driven her to her proposed fate in the spring wagon. The appearance of the tiger might have terrified him to repentance, causing him to cut her loose. But in that case, she had not sought refuge in his hut. Where had she gone? What had really happened in the grove? Was Tuck's entire story a fabrication?

The sheriff lived over the jail, and in the sitting-room his son was brought to confront the detective. Zellers was pleased with his frank yet shrewdly intelligent face.

"I'll never let him get out of my sight," Tad declared, when his work was explained to him, "unless I'm just on the other side of a wall or tree."

And delighted with the prospect of playing the amateur detective, Tad capered from the building and took up his stand across the street from the jail, waiting for Tuck to issue forth in imagined security.

Zellers watched the lad with veiled amusement, and smiled at the sheriff, saying, "He reminds me of a cat waiting for the mouse to be driven out of the trap."

Then to show Tad that a good deal depended upon him and upon him alone, Zellers left the building, walked down the street, turned the corner, and was seen no more by the boy that day.

CHAPTER VI.

HAVING done all he could to provide for any oversight of Tuck, what was the detective to do next?

He cast up in his mind those whose absence from Pamiston had not been clearly and satisfactorily accounted for. First, of course, the negro, Tuck; then the questionable woman, Mrs. Hannah Dubois, whose comings and goings were seldom known or understood by the moral element of Pamiston; third, the respectable bachelor merchant, Samson Plim, supposed now to be in the city buying a stock of goods; and, lastly, the middle-aged couple, Doctor and Mrs. Free.

Having left the boy Tad Walsh to watch the movements of Tuck the detective sauntered to his hotel to discover if any of the other four missing inhabitants of Pamiston had been heard from. As it was the only hotel and situated on the only business street, the landlord seldom failed to know who came or went—the station was in sight from his front door.

He reported that Samson Plim was back at his store—had come in while the detective was interviewing Tuck in the jail; he had been to Kansas City, but had not bought any goods, having decided to wait and see if he couldn't get a cheaper rate in Chicago, whither he meant to go next week.

After a hasty luncheon, the detective hurried to the Plim Dry Goods Store, requesting a private audience with the proprietor. He was soon closeted with Samson Plim, who, on being informed that he was a detective, had made no objection to the interview.

Zellers could well understand why the middle-aged bachelor enjoyed the confidence of Pamiston. His face was cheerful and expressive of a character of high integrity.

"You will understand," Zellers said, coming at once to the point, "that I have asked for this half-hour because some of the business men of Pamiston have employed me to investigate the terrible tragedy of South Grove. In the course of business, it develops upon me to question all the citizens who were absent at the time of the attempted burning of an unfortunate woman. I am informed you were in Kansas City at the time."

"I was, Mr. Detective, and am quite willing to answer anything you care to ask. If I can do anything to clear away the horrible cloud that has settled upon this village, I am ready to sacrifice time and my business."

The detective thanked him warmly, and added: "You did not buy any goods in Kansas City?"

"No, I decided to wait until next week and go to Chicago."

"Very good. Mr. Plim, you have never been married?"

Samson Plim smiled and shook his head.

"Will you tell me in strictest confidence whether or not you have any suspicions as to the woman and the man [illegible]volved in the South Grove horror?"

[illegible] doubt was either of them could have been.

"Mr. Plim, I am about to ask you a question that you might deem insulting if coming from an unofficial stranger. I prepare you in this way because I desire to fend off any possible displeasure."

"Proceed," said Plim, slightly knitting his brows at this preamble.

"Do you suspect that it is a fact, or has been a fact within, let us say, the past month—a fact, that some person—some girl or woman—is in love with you?"

Samson Plim crimsoned to the roots of his hair. He made an impetuous movement toward his questioner, but checked himself, paling as he said huskily:

"Explain the meaning of your extraordinary question, sir."

He was either angry or perturbed to an unusual degree for a man habitually calm and self-contained.

"Mr. Plim, forgive me for striking so deeply into personalities, but you must realize that in my profession as detective I am obliged to deal in little else than the most vital heart-secrets and conscience-secrets of those with whom I am thrown in contact."

"I can readily understand that," Plim said stiffly, "but I am unable to imagine how in the remotest degree my own personal affairs can concern you."

"You can, however, readily understand," remarked Zellers, politely, "that when a detective begins his investigation of a case, he does not know precisely what men and women to interrogate, or what clew, or seeming clew, to follow. A detective, if he be a skilled and experienced detective, must ask many questions at random, and scan many faces in the crowd before he has tracked down the real criminal."

The merchant was silent.

"Therefore," Zellers resumed, "I must insist upon my question."

After a pause, Plim said dryly, "I understand you ask if anybody is in love with me?"

"Just so," and Zellers rubbed his hands.

"You may charge it to my natural modesty, Mr. Zellers,—if I refuse to answer that impertinent inquiry. It this all I can do for you? My business is waiting for me." And he stepped toward the office door.

"If you refuse to answer my inquiry, Mr. Plim," Zellers said quietly, "I shall not charge it to your natural modesty. Do not let me keep you from your business."

At the door Plim hesitated, his face troubled. "May I ask, Mr. Zellers, since you refuse to credit me with a man's natural reserve under such an insult, may I ask why you think I have refused to answer your question?"

"You ask something exceedingly serious," Zellers said, coming close to him, as if to follow him out of the small, box-like chamber.

With his hand on the doorknob, Samson Plim stood still. He looked back over his shoulder, and his face was hard and white.

"I will not pretend to misunderstand you in one particular," he said harshly. "You are trying to connect me with that South Grove affair."

"You do me great injustice, Mr. Plim, you do me great injustice."

"No, I do not. I understand you. You want blame fastened upon somebody—very naturally—and knowing I was out of town, you want to fasten it upon me."

"Indeed, indeed I do not," Zellers protested, with uplifted hands.

"Then why are you probing me with your insulting questions?"

"Mr. Plim, I do not want to connect you with the South Grove affair. I do not want to fasten any blame upon you. I merely want to find out how you have connected yourself with the South Grove affair, and what the blame is that you have already incurred."

Samson Plim turned back into the room with a fierce exclamation. "You accuse me!" he exlaimed. "Very well, you will find me ready to face the world. The people of this town know me. I have lived here all my life. Any blow you strike against me will rebound upon yourself and cover you with ridicule. I don't say this because I consider myself stronger than you; I say it because I am innocent, and therefore it will be impossible to fasten any crime upon me. You'll lose your time, you'll let the real criminal escape, and you will reap only mortification for yourself. If I were involved, I should not speak as I do. But I know no more of what happened in the South Grove than you do, except that I know I know nothing."

Zellers drew himself up. "Do you realize who I am?" he exclaimed, for the first time showing excitement. "I am Richard Zellers, and I am known from Maine to California as 'Keeneyes'—'Keeneyes the Detective.' You have read of me—if you can read. Did you ever hear of my reaping mortification in any case I ever undertook? Has the public ever cast ridicule upon me Do I waste my time in letting real criminals escape?"

He caught his breath and recovered his equanimity. "But you don't know what you say. Let it pass. Mr. Plim, I like you. Your face is that of a man who passed a sober and industrious and honest life. For all this I respect you. As to your innocence, I have no doubt that you believe in it. Innocence, however, is relative and of various [illegible] [illegible] intentions, yet commit mistakes; or you may be ignorant that a crime has been committed of which you are the unknowing cause. But because you may not know of your part in a tragedy, it does not prove you had no part in it."

Samson Plim stared at the other blankly, forgetting his anger.

"Which leads me back to my original question," Zellers added, with a slight smile.

Plim, after a brief struggle with himself, said bitterly. "I perceive, sir, that you are not to be moved aside from your false trail. If I refuse longer to gratify your curiosity, not only will it probably cause me great inconvenience later, but it will check you in your pursuit of the real criminal. Therefore, I have decided to answer your question, which I presume will at once lead to others. I answer under protest, and to an officer of the law, who should guard the answer as a sacred trust of the law. Some one does love me, and in spite of my age. You will ask me her name. That I refuse to divulge, hoping that even you will appreciate the fact that it is her secret as well as my own."

"My dear Mr. Plim, I have no intention of inquiring her name, and I honor you for your straightforward manner of speech. I will only ask you this: Do you know where she is now?"

Samson Plim started back and bit his lip, uttering no word.

"As a matter of fact," said Zellers," tho you went to Kansas City to buy goods, didn't you suddenly return when you learned that this lady of whom we are speaking with all respect, but in mysterious vagueness, was not where you supposed her to be? And is not your intention to go to Chicago next week principally caused by your intention to search for the unnamed lady in that city?"

Plim neither bowed nor shook his head, nor did he utter a word.

"Come, come," said the detective, quietly, "since you are averse to telling me what is of importance in my quest, let me tell you something that may be of importance in yours."

"You mean——" Plim stammered, then caught himself.

"Yes, I mean that I know something about the lady which you do not know. Shall we seat ourselves? I will keep you but a moment longer."

"No, no," said Plim, recoiling from the chair the other offered. "What do you know? How have you learned anything?"

"Bear in mind that I have been at work on this case already for several days. I could not have investigated so long without finding something. You continually ignore the fact that I am Keeneyes. But to the point: You have naturally been told all about the South Grove mystery since your return from Kansas City?"

"I have heard all that the town people know?"

"And that is the extent of your knowledge?"

"Of course; I know nothing about it except what I have been told."

"I believe you. Well, you heard, then, that in the ashes were found two objects. What were those objects, Mr. Plim?"

"A man's ring, so I am informed, and a watch."

"A man's watch?"

"Of course not," returned Plim, impatiently. "Mr. Zellers, you must have seen the objects, and must know all about them. I have not seen them, but I am told it was a woman's watch."

"With any initials or means of identification on the ring or the watch?"

"Well," returned Plim, "pray answer your own question. Were there?"

"The ring bore an engraved 'D' upon it, I am told," remarked Keeneyes.

"So I was told," said Plim, still indignant at being interrogated.

"Was the watch open when found?" inquired Zellers.

"Well," retorted Plim, "was it found open? How should I know? I wasn't even told as to that."

"Possibly the people think that an unimportant detail. Since you ask me, I reply that it was found opened at front and back. Mr. Plim, I do not take you for a sentimental man."

The merchant said nothing.

"Nor for one naturally vain or egotistical."

Plim smiled sarcastically. "Thank you, sir."

Zellers asked suddenly, "Why did you have your picture taken last week?"

Plim started and colored. Then he asked curiously, "Mr. Zellers, really I am much interested to know how you discovered that fact. Would you object to explaining how you came upon that particular discovery?"

"I will tell you freely, but I warn you that the information will give you a terrible shock."

Plim laughed skeptically. "Let's have it," he smiled, "and let it come as hard as you please, for I assure you my visit to the photographer's was one of the most guileless and natural of my mercantile life."

"I gather from those words that your intention was to have a cut of yourself made to be run in advertising matter?"

"Exactly for that reason, Mr. Zellers."

"Just so. And now for my explanation—won't you be seated, Mr. Plim?"

"No, no, let us hear the worst." Plim was still smiling.

"You shall. Now when the South Grove was searched by the townspeople, it must not be supposed that they found all the clews, for among them there were no experts. I was told it was useless to look for evidence, since the ground had been trampled by hundreds of feet, and several days had passed before I was called to Pamiston. But I paid no heed to such idle words. I searched, and searched when no one was there to watch me. I found only one thing of vital moment. It was a proof of the photograph you had taken. It was small, in oval form and had evidently been inclosed in a woman's watch. I will show it to you——"

But instead of producing the slip of tinted paper, he sprang forward to catch Samson Plim, who otherwise would have fallen to the floor.

This mysterious story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

A GOOD TIME.

Woman in Green—"Oh, how do you do: I s'pose you thought, just like me, it was your duty to drop in and show interest in the children's school party! Not that I look upon it entirely as a duty, either, for, of course, there is nothing lovelier in life than seeing a jolly crowd of young people in the bloom of youth enjoying themselves! I'm sure I don't know what's got into the children nowadays, tho. I was completely worn out before I got Edith off to school this morning, trying to convince her she couldn't wear her chiffon party frock to a school affair. Nobody dresses up coming right from classes as they do. Oh, oh-h-h-h!"

Woman in Brown—"Whatever is the matter?"

Woman in Green (feebly)—"I just caught sight of Edith and she has on her chiffon. She must have smuggled it out some way and changed down here! Oh, if I wouldn't like to lay hands on her!"

Woman in Brown (sniffling)—"I must say that a chiffon party frock seems out of place here. I think it a mother's duty not to encourage such foolish ideas in their children! I try to bring mine up simply and—good gracious! Oh, my!"

Woman in Green—"Wh—what is it?"

Woman in Brown (feebly)—"I just saw Lawrence come in and his shoes are all mud, his face dirty and his collar a sight. Why, I told that boy the very last thing when he left after breakfast to be sure and wash and brush himself before the party, and just look at him! I'd like to sink thru the floor!"

Woman in Green (seizing her chance)—"Yes, it's too bad! I think it a mother's first duty to train a child to cleanliness as a habit, instead of on special occasions. And then these distressing accidents won't occur!"

Woman in Brown (between her teeth)—"It's plain that you never had a boy to bring up!"

Woman in Checks (scurrying in)—"Has any one seen the janitor? The ice cream we were to serve hasn't been delivered! I must have the janitor at once! The darlings! They seem to be having such a good time! Oh, oh, mother's boy! Whatever has happened? You are hurt!"

Lank Boy (with a black eye and scratched cheek)—"Aw, that Killey boy looks worse! He said I was a stiff and I wasn't. Say, where's the cake?"

Woman in Checks—"It isn't time for refreshments yet! Go wash your face! And be sure to ask Gracie Borbank [illegible] dance. I shall report that Killey boy at once! He can't stay at the party!"

Lank Boy—"Nothing doing with Borbank! She dances like a hippopotamus!"

Woman in Checks (agonized)—"But her mother never will speak to me again if you don't! Oh, where is the janitor?"

Woman in Brown (to her son, whom she has grabbed as he goes by)—"Lawrence, if you don't go into the dressing-room and wash your face and change your collar and clean your shoes, I'll never forgive you! And I want you to be sure and dance with Edith!"

Lawrence—"Aw, mother, honest, don't make me! I'd rather die than dance with that plum!"

Woman in Brown (in frantic hiss)—"Hush! Her mother's right next me! Do as I say!"

Woman in Green (thru her teeth)—"I'm sure all Edith's dances are promised, Lawrence. And besides she's so fussy about collars and mud and such things! Don't think of bothering to ask her!"

Lawrence (relieved)—"All right! She's 'way off in the corner, anyhow, with the goody-goodies, pretending she doesn't care about dancing, anyhow! They always do that when nobody asks 'em!"

Woman in Green (to woman in Brown)—"Lawrence's nose is growing into that awfully homely shape, just like his father's, isn't it? Too bad his teeth are so ugly!"

Woman in Purple (snatching overdressed small girl out of the crowd)—"Lucile, what do you mean by dancing with that awful Smith boy when I told you not to? His mother simply cheated the first prize away from me at the last card party and——"

Lucile (jerking away)—"Lemme alone! I will too dance with him!"

Woman in Checks (bustling back)—"Isn't it just beautiful to see the angels enjoying themselves? I don't see, tho, where the boys have been since the last dance! Nothing like youth, is there? So carefree and innocent! It's a pleasure to help on their good times! I——"

Edith (rushing up to Woman in Green)—"M-m-mother! Lawrence and the other boys are eating all the ice cream! They've got the freezers over in that vacant lot and they've eaten it a-a-a-ll, and there isn't any for the girls——"

Woman in Checks (after an awful silence)—"Let me alone! I—I'm going home and die!"

* * *

The Conversation.

The technicalities of the law are often too finely drawn for the lay understanding. The following sounds like a burlesque, but it actually happened in an Ohio court.

At a term of the Circuit Court there a horse case was on trial, and a well known "horseman" was called as a witness.

"You saw this horse?" asked the defendant counsel.

"Yes, I——"

"What did you do?"

"I just opened his mouth to find out how old he was, and I said to him: 'Old top, I guess you're pretty good yet.'"

"Stop!" yelled the opposing counsel. "Your honor, I object to any conversation carried on between the witness and the horse when the plaintiff was not present."

And the objection was sustained.

* * *

Giving Him Away.

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey were entertaining a few friends.

"Yes, I think I really must get a motor car in the spring," said the host, casually, during a lull in the conversation. "I haven't quite decided what make yet; but it's no use getting a cheap one, they're sometimes so unreliable. I suppose I can get a really serviceable little affair for $4,500 or so."

While the company were still gasping at this careless mention of wealth, one lady turned to Bailey junior and remarked:

"I say, Tommy, your father's going to buy a motor car for you to ride in."

Eight-year-old Tommy turned gleefully to his parent.

"I say, dad," he asked, "will that funny looking man call every week for the money like he did last year when you bought the bicycle?"

* * *

The Japanese are bright people, but they haven't discovered anything that will enable them to grow whiskers of the good old American brand.

ENID AYRON'S MAN

-:- Or, -:-

All in the Making

By Paul Crissey

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE boss of the New Man had sponged his face and become quite presentable when he sat down at his desk in the cabin on the slope. Trouble was over, for the present, and he trusted Big Dan to look after the first new diggings. He felt secretly rejoiced to know that in the Irishman he had one man whom he could trust and upon whose skill he could depend. Instructions had been to run the hundred-foot level west, into the hill, and then run another on the same level on the other side of the vein, a little south of the first one. Between these two Cranston had planned to run up-raises, or tunnels to connect the two parallel drifts. In this manner the young English-American hoped to block out the vein which ran, meandering, westward and downward. A wave of triumph swept over him when he contemplated his victory of the morning, and now that he stood the asserted boss of the New Man, he understood that no more trouble of that character, at least, would be forthcoming.

True to his system, however, Cranston busied himself setting forth the story of the morning's uprisings in the diary which he had obtained for the purpose. This done, he wrote a brief letter to Miss Enid Ayron, apprising her of the contract which he had made with the mill. This caused him no little worry, for the sharp, shrewd fetaures of Flanders stuck in his mind and irritated him.

He sent Sing Lee scurrying down the canyon to the postoffice with the letter, then started himself for the mine. But a surprise awaited him. There in the doorway stood the girl—the owner of the New Man. Cranston, delighted at having this unexpected guest, swept the floor with his big Stetson, much after the fashion of a cavalier, and bade her be seated.

"It's mighty good to see you again," he said simply, "especially when I supposed you were some hundreds of miles off. I just wrote to you."

"I was glad to come," she replied, with a gratified smile. "I got father and Hilda settled peacefully, and he is now busying himself laying in a stock of shorthorns. You should have seen his face," she cried, "when he went down to register his brand. There wasn't a happier man in this whole country than Dad when he looked out over the range with his arm about Hilda. It means a lot to him, Mr. Cranston, to get what he's always wanted."

Cranston sighed. "It must be great," he ventured, "to get what you want!"

The girl shook her head sagely. "But some of us have to wait," she reminded him.

Searl smiled, for it was like coming suddenly upon an oasis in the desert to have this pretty partner visit him in the midst of his troubles.

"How is everything at the New Man?" she asked, demurely.

Cranston frowned.

"We had a little trouble there this morning, but it soon blew over. The men were grumbling—some one had been telling them that they wouldn't be paid. I soon settled their doubts, however, and now they are back at work."

"How did you—er—settle them?" asked the junior partner of the New Man—very much as if she hadn't witnessed the whole affair.

"Why," Cranston replied, skillfully avoiding the alarming details of the story, "I had an—argument with the ringleader, but finally managed to convince him."

"That you were boss?" asked the girl.

Cranston shot her surprised look, almost suspicious.

"It must have amounted to that," he replied.

"But he wouldn't believe you, and so you had to establish your authority. Now wasn't that it?" There was a mischievous smile playing at her lips.

"About that," muttered Cranston. "You saw it?" His tone was almost accusing.

Enid laughed and Cranston blushed.

"It was fine!" she cried with a spirit. "I guess they are pretty sure now just who is running the New Man."

"I guess they are," retorted the manager, grimly, and he pursed his swollen lips thoughtfully.

The girl regarded him closely, and it seemed as if the look in her eyes spelled approval at what she saw before her. Cranston had changed mightily since that gray "morning after" on the Pullman, and so had Enid, for that matter. Both of them were aglow with the health of the hills, and both were alive with the vigor of the country. It was a great state to be in, and Cranston's starved eyes saw in his companion everything that he had learned to hope for in life. He realized that to this slender girlhood before him he owed all that he was. And he was grateful.

"I had an offer of sixty thousand for the New Man," volunteered the girl, suddenly, and with a chill Cranston came to earth.

"Did you—accept?" he asked, scarcely trusting his voice.

"I referred him to you," replied Enid. "And he offered me fifty thousand—and I refused it."

"I wanted you to use your judgment."

"I wanted you—it may be bad," he warned her, stumbling.

The girl made a gesture of impatience.

"If I am willing to take a chance you ought not to object," she said swiftly.

"But I do object. If I make a mistake that means ruin—failure—for you."

Enid Ayron's forehead wrinkled in perplexity.

"You seem to lack self-confidence," she responded at length, and there was a trace of disappointment in her tone, which Cranston noticed. His lips tightened perceptibly and his jaw squared in a manner heretofore unknown to him.

"I do not lack confidence," he insisted. "But I do not like to jeopardize your every hope by having them made a schoolground for my education. I may make a mistake some day that will cost more than you can stake. It will be to late then to regret."

"Listen, Mr. Cranston," said Enid, soberly. "The only costly mistake you can make will be to lose confidence in yourself. That is what father did, altho you never saw the result of it. You must have confidence, and so long as I would rather have you have——" she was about to say that she would rather see him with more confidence than have more money herself, but she checked the statement too late for him to miss its import.

"Sometimes," he drawled, self-consciously, "you make my position rather embarrassing. Frankly," he continued, "I like this game, and I did use my judgment, the best I had, and I did have confidence in it. The New Man will pay! Yesterday, before we had difficulties with the men, I went to see Mr. Flanders, who is the resident manager of the Berry Smelter. I closed with him a contract for the delivery of ore amounting to a total sum of $20,000. This must all be delivered at the end of seven months. That's a pretty big undertaking, Miss Ayron, especially with the limited facilities we have. It will mean a fight from morning till night, and a continued driving of the men to meet the term of that contract. But we'll have to do it—or bust!" he concluded savagely, and his fist came down on his desk with a crash.

For a moment the owner of the New Man looked startled, then the look changed to one of admiration, and then to pride.

"I believe you will do it," she said quietly. "You see I don't understand much about business, but I do know that nothing is ever obtained by waiting. Everything is a fight here in this world, and some play square and some don't."

"I know that," agreed Cranston, grimly. "I had a little sample of it yesterday. A certain man, now in town, had occasion to fill the men up with the false information that so inflamed them this morning. I'm going to have a talk with him!" he added meaningly.

"Yes," said the girl, quietly, "I know who it is. It's the man who offered to buy our mine."

"Exactly," assented Cranston, "but he is going too far."

"He was—a—bit too—familiar," she volunteered.

Cranston leaped to his feet, the fire of battle again in his blazing eyes.

"Familiar!" he cried, angrily. "Familiar with you, d—n him!"

"Don't get excited," she warned him coolly. "I am quite able to take care of myself."

A step on the path, and both of the owners of the New Man looked up. It was Doctor McGruddy, smooth, polished, his eyes snapping with good humor.

"Well," growled Cranston, "what do you want, Doc?" The mine boss had fallen from his tolerant position and was using the familiar term that came to his lips most easily.

"I didn't mean to interrupt," he apologized significantly.

"You aren't—only a business conversation. What do you want?"

The crafty little man stroked his beard as if praising it for being such an able ambush.

"I thought I'd tell you," announced the Doctor, with a smile, "that we have started up over on the Badger and the Zero. I bought them both, you know. We'll be running ore this afternoon and if you're not going to use the tramway—?" he spread his hands eloquently.

"But we will be using it," retorted Cranston sharply. "You'll have to wait your turn."

The stocky little man brushed a chair off and sat himself down delicately. Searl's lip curled with contempt at his dapper manners, and yet a few short months before he, himself, had been the same manner of man. McGruddy beamed on Enid until Cranston was ready to leap at his throat.

"Now, don't let us have any trouble about that," urged McGruddy, suavely. "You will undoubtedly remember, Mr. Cranston, that your contract with the Zero and the adjoining mines calls for the use of the tramway for their ore as well as for the output of the New Man. Also," he smiled as if he enjoyed his own diplomatic skill, no matter how dishonestly employed, "you will remember that the tramway is to be used only twenty-four hors at a stretch by any one mine. We all have our turn, you know, Mr. Cranston, and the New Man has been running ore since about yesterday noon. I know that you will relinquish the rails for the Zero at noon today."

Cranston thought rapidly. Also, he could have kicked himself with enjoyment to think that he had been fool enough to put that proviso in the tramway contract! *When Ayron owned the Zero he foresaw no trouble with those mines;* but with them in the hands of McGruddy he could expect no quarter. But the Doctor had the upper hand of him this time, and as graciously as he could, Cranston acceded to his demands.

"You're right," he returned briefly, "but understand, the Badger mine doesn't get the use of those rails. Only the claims crossed by the tramway are allowed to use it, and the Badger is on the farther side of the New Man."

"Exactly," assented the Doctor, and his eyes twinkled with malice.

"Good day," suggested Cranston.

"Exactly," murmured the Doctor absently.

"Get out!"

For a moment McGruddy eyed the mine manager, then with a shiver he recalled what had happened to the Welshman but a few short hours before. He arose, bowed himself out of the door and down the path, and Cranston sank to the chair with a wild rage suddenly possessing him.

"They've got us!" he cried to Enid. "That little bewhiskered scoundrel has tied us up tighter than a knot! There are six mines that the tramway crosses, and each one of them will get the use of the rails for a whole day. He'll see that they use their privileges. That means that once out of every seven days we can run ore. It's not enough—we'll never make it!"

"Do you believe that he is at the bottom of it all?" asked the girl.

"Absolutely," replied Cranston, angrily. "He is in league with Flanders and Berry, and they plan to break me thru that contract with the smelter. Oh! it's a nice trap I've walked into!"

"Well," inquired Enid calmly, "what are you going to do about it?"

Cranston looked at her an instant and thought that he saw the world slipping away from him. The blood rushed to his face and his bruised lip smarted. The sting of the pain awoke him.

"Fight!" he cried. "Fight, of course! And I'll play their own game—and break them at it!"

"That's better," commended Enid Ayron. "As long as there is ore in the New Man you have at least a fighting chance."

"And you," asked Cranston, "you're going back to your father's ranch?"

"Would you rather have me?"

Cranston bowed his head in thought. Just at present her absence might complicate matters. But he did not wish to appear purely selfish.

"Personally," he replied steadily, "I'd rather have you here. But it is more than likely that there will be some exciting times, and I doubt—if it would be safe."

Enid rose and pulled on her gloves. Her face was quite calm, but inwardly she was worried. However, she had determined to back her manager, and she intended to do it despite any chance that she might run a personal risk.

"I never ran from a little excitement yet," she finally replied coolly, "and I don't think I will begin doing so now."

"You mean——?"

"That I will stay and see the battle," she replied, and he held out an eager hand to her.

"We'll fight it out together then, you and I, right here on the field."

He realized, with a flush, that he had been holding her hand for some time—and strangest of all, she had not objected.

CHAPTER IX.

"WE WON'T run any ore to the smelter until Friday," announced Cranston, and Big Dan scratched his head. "How are you progressing down in the hundred-foot drift?" he asked.

"Well, we're diggin' sthraight wist an' nearin' th' line o' th' Zero propherty." Big Dan's huge bulk loomed up before Cranston on the sunlit slope near the shaft.

"You are sure the vein comes from the surface on the east and runs west downward on a slant to the east line of the Zero?"

Big Dan looked at his boss with a twinkle in his eye.

"Misther Cranston," he said solemnly, "I kin schmell a vein iver since I was a tiny tot. They can't fool Big Dan on that."

"But we haven't much ore in sight—ore that can be brought up quickly," argued Cranston, doubtfully.

"Wan thousand dollar's worth," replied the Irishman, dryly. "But there's more t' come when we get along a little further."

"I certainly hope so," replied Cranston. "We'll be in a tight place if there isn't." He thought of the iron-riveted contract with the smelter.

"Don't worry, sir," cautioned the level-boss. "I hev th' boys a-drillin' and a-diggin' like terriers."

Cranston turned away. He was quick to realize tha[illegible] most valuable asset just at present.

Down in the hundred-foot level the work was progressing steadily and the quartz glistened in the spots where the feeble rays from the miners' lights flickered on the surface of the ore. Big men and strong were these who labored down where the sunlight never reached them at their work, and their eyes had narrowed with the continual strain of peering about the semi-darkness.

Pick after pick plunged into the walls, and occasionally the splitting, muffled roar of a blast that had been fired dulled their ears and reverberated about in the long, narrow tunnel. Then the crumbling rock and the hanging shreds would be cleared away, while Big Dan, with his eagle-like eye, gave instructions for the next shot. And so these men who had hewn their lives from the rocks of the hills, bored deeper into the earth and gradually neared the line of the next claim—the Zero. After that it would be a question of running up-raises, also cross-drifts, parallels and other levels—probably a hundred feet lower. Already borings were being made to pick up the vein farther down, and the mighty blasts that came from the direction of the tunnel's mouth showed that operations were already under way for deeper sinking of the shaft.

Big Dan was alive this morning, and his heavy voice boomed far above the other multitude of noises. Here and there small crews were shoring up the level, and in places the new, green timbers had begun to creak with the weight of earth and rock upon them.

Cranston had a crew of ten men cutting timber from the crest of Mineral Hill and as fast as the dwarfed trees fell, they were snaked down the hillside, sawed into suitable lengths, and run down the open shaft on the cable. Below, the crews trimmed them off and braced the roof-rock overhead with uprights and crosspieces.

Tanner, the Welshman, his face still swollen from Cranston's blows, scooped sullenly into the piles of loosened quartz and smiled grimly to himself. Tanner was a man of easy ways, hard on his enemies, yet owning enough of sporting blood to appreciate a man of like covenants—Cranston, for instance. Tanner filled car after car with the ore and watched it worm its way thru the darkness to the bottom of the shaft, where the steel cable and the lift caught it up and hurried it to the surface. Here it was finally deposited on the dump heap in readiness for its trip to the smelter.

The big Welshman forgave Cranston. No doubt, according to Tanner's lights, if the lithe young mine boss had been the loser in that morning's fight, he, Tanner, would have hated him forever and would have overridden him at every opportunity. But, as it was, his compunction for the boss of the New Man limited itself to the latter's style of dress. However, in view of the morning's lesson, he wisely forebore mentioning it. As he went along with his work he occasionally, and knowingly, overlooked certain small deposits of rich ore that lay banked in the walls, and once in a while he would craftily cover up, with loose debris, any of these "caches" that were especially promising. For this was Welsh thrift. In case the mine should shut down, he, Tanner, would go to Cranston and offer to work on a percentage basis. He would then uncover these valuable little spots—pockets—of ore and net himself a neat commission. It was an old scheme and one that has been worked by miners since the world began. No doubt it was a primitive instinct aroused by the desire to self-survival, but the Welshman took the risk and was happy.

As for Cranston, he was everywhere. The suddenly sprung trap in regard to his rights to use the tramway but once in every six or seven days had dazed him for a moment, but he spent quite a half-hour up on the point of Bear Hill, where he could think without interruption. The result of this communion with himself was that he evolved a plan whereby he might get his ore, or a large part of it, to the mill without waiting for his turn at the tramway.

No sooner did the idea suggest itself than he planned its execution, and he started a new gang of men cutting timber above the shaft of the New Man. These long slim trunks he had brought down the side of Mineral Mound and lined up, two abreast, until they finally reached the foot of the hill. It was a tedious job to have their upper surfaces cut until they were fairly smooth, but he drove his men with a feeling of desperation. At last the wooden skids were ready, lying side by side with a V-like cut down their middle.

Cranston figured out that the slope was precipitate enough to cause the ore, if not thrown on in great quantities, to run down the slide and dump itself into the canyon, where he proposed to have teams and wagons awaiting it. The mill was but a short haul from the bottom of the cliff where the chute ended. In this way he calculated that he would not have to run over any other property. The entire length of the chute was on the New Man claim, itself.

Two days later the teams and wagons appeared on the scene and the first run of ore was attempted. At first the jag-[illegible] stick, but [illegible] the judicious stationing of a few men at the bad points, Cranston at last saw the steady flow continue down the chute into the canyon.

"Check!" he grinned, and shook his fist in the direction of the mill, where he knew the lean face of Flanders was watching his every move, ready to report to "Doc" McGruddy.

Cranston was delighted as the stream of ore poured down over the side of the hill and thundered into a heap at the base of the cliff. It was a bungling job, a poor piece of engineering work, from a mechanical standpoint, but it was original, and best of all, it had cut but little into his valuable capital. He grinned with delight when he pictured the chagrin on the faces of McGruddy and Flanders.

"As long as I can play square with those crooks," he told himself earnestly, "I'll do it—but when I can't—then I'll play their game."

"Give 'em h—l," chuckled Big Dan, when he came up from the darkness to see the new ore chute, and Cranston laughed happily.

"I guess I needn't worry about delivering what the contract calls for now," he responded.

But Big Dan was secretly worried. Down there on the hundred-foot level there had been a little difficulty about picking up the vein, as they neared the line of the Zero's claim. Not that this strain of pay ore had been entirely lost to the workmen, but it had started in upon a series of zigzag courses that kept even Big Dan, well versed as he was in the tricky ways of a pay streak, guessing.

Later in the day he spent his entire time and his instinct and knowledge in directing the men, and finally, in the middle of the afternoon, he found himself squarely cornered.

The meandering course of the vein had suddenly seemed to double back upon itself, and tho he ran a branch-level off at an acute angle and then an up-raise to join it, he failed to pick up the glitter of the "color" again.

It worried him, this playful pay streak, and more than once he cursed fluently and with evident enjoyment at the tantalizing evolutions of the veins. Then, in an hour, one of his men found the streak again, but it ended abruptly. Big Dan sat down to do a bit of careful figuring. It was evident that there was no use trying to work to the east again, for the vein came in there, on the eastern border of the claim, and worked down to where they were now trying to continue it to the western line of the New Man.

But it was no use. Big Dan hurried back to the tunnel mouth where he questioned the men who were sinking the main shaft deeper. His skill had been taxed to the limit, but he refused to give up.

"Ain't hit anything here," responded the crew boss. "I can't pick up no strain down here. We're only down twenty feet."

Again the worried look came into Big Dan's eyes.

"Wouldn't it be h—l?" he whispered. "An' just when th' lad's fightin' so hard!"

Quitting time finally came, and the donkey engine's rasp whistle filled the canyon with the cheering note that heralded supper and the night's rest. Half of the crew below in the hundred-foot level had been idle for an hour, while Big Dan, snorting and enraged at the subtle disappearance of that valuable vein, tore around in the rock-bound tunnel and forgot that his men were idle.

"Jist like th' blitherin' thing!" he growled to himself. "That d—d ol' Tucson mine panned out th' same way, an' th' boys never did find thrace of th' color again!"

But it wasn't in this husky Irishman to back out from an unpleasant task. He had seen too many booms go up in smoke, and so he shouldered his case and ordered the men off. Perhaps a closer investigation would net better returns.

Once he stopped and looked back at the open shaft that flung its wide jaws at the evening sky.

"They'll be puttin' a gag in yer mouth," he prophesied sullenly, and then with long, determined strides he wended his way thru the rock-littered trail to Cranston's cabin.

Some say the Irish have no tact, but they have—a delicate appreciation that, when used, relieves a trying situation. Big Dan Reilley had this gift of his blessed country, and he led up to the matter in hand with many a bit of blarney and a touch of a smile here and there.

"Are ye schrappin' it out?" he asked Cranston.

"Doesn't that new ore chute look like it?" replied the optimistic manager. "I nearly broke my head thinking of that. It's a beauty, tho, isn't it?"

Big Dan nodded his head.

"Cranston," he said sullenly, "what would ye be doin' ef th' vein ran out—would ye still schrapp?"

Searl's eyes glistened and he threw his head back as if to challenge the world.

"Scrap? I'm fight all thru, Dan, and none knows it better than you. But if the pay streak in the New Man should fizzle out——! I hate to think how many different kinds of a fool I should call myself."

"Why?" asked the Irishman, and his eyes narrowed with the sobering thought of the news he had to tell this tall, clean young man.

"Because," answered Cranston, slowly, "there are about two things that I care for in this world—one of them is success, and the other is the woman who gave me a chance to taste of it. I wouldn't tell any one else but you, Dan, because I know you'll hold your tongue."

Dan nodded thoughtfully. "Even if ye hev made a mishtake," he said quietly, it's tin t' wan th' girl will be likin' ye jist th' same—mind ye thot—for I know th' ways of the women, boss."

A sudden idea struck Cranston. "Dan," he said sharply, "what are you driving at? Is there something wrong—up there?" He waved his hand in the direction of the desolate maw of the New Man, high up the side of Mineral Mound.

"We all get it sooner or later," replied Reilley, "and to some it comes easier than t' others. Nought is wrong at New Man—'cept th' vein is lost—and I don't think ye'll ever find it again. Leashtways, not in th' claim's boundaries."

If a thunderbolt had struck him out of a clear sky Cranston could not have been more surprised. All the afternoon he had been secretly congratulating himself and assuring himself that he had the upper hand—and now, just when he seemed to have McGruddy and his crew where they would have to do business on a legitimate scale, he found himself hopelessly crippled. The New Man had "petered out!"

"All right, Dan—thank you." Cranston found his voice with an effort, and when his lips moved the words started from them like the rapid cracks of a repeating rifle. "No one else knows of this?"

"Not a body," replied Dan. "Save the few who may have guessed it."

"I'll see the men tonight," announced Cranston, briefly.

For a moment the twinkling blue-eyed Irishman shifted his heavy hulk sideways and moved about uncomfortably, then he arose suddenly and put his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Mebbe ye ain't whipped yit," he said slowly. "Ef there's only one thing I can do, jist call on me."

"You might tell Miss Ayron," suggested Cranston, "I—I can't do that."

"I will, fer sure!" cried the Irishman, and he strode from the room.

Searl Cranston dropped with a cry of despair, and his head buried itself in his arms.

"Beaten—whipped—outplayed at every turn of the game! They've even got the luck to their side, d—n them!"

He stared at the canyon, at the green hillside with its strange discolorings, and his fist hit the table a mighty blow.

"There's gold there somewhere!" he cried aloud.

A few minutes later he sent a telegram to one of the most experienced mine experts in the State—and after he had left the telegraph office every man in Little Tellerode knew that the New Man mine had "broken!"

CHAPTER X.

"YEZ may be better off t' take a gun," suggested big Dan, with candor. "Men git fightin' mad when bread is took from thim—sometimes," he added grimly.

Cranston assented, and went to his locker, where he drew forth a long, black "forty-five," which he carefully deposited in his side pocket.

"Come on," he said brusquely.

They started down the trail to where the lights twinkled in the White Moon, a place which supported itself on the small sale of liquor and the big chances that roulette and faro afforded. The place was crowded when Cranston and Big Dan Reilley pushed thru the door and made their way to the bar.

Doc McGruddy, short and bristling with an extra long beard, stood at the bar and ordered the drinks for the crowd.

In the corner, the nearly deserted roulette croupier sang his monotonous song and clicked in a suggestive, inviting manner the chips that lay stacked before him.

Cranston noted McGruddy, who, seizing immediately upon his opportunity, greeted him drunkenly. It was evident that the smooth New Yorker was a good actor. He had been sober up to the moment Cranston and Big Dan entered.

"Join us," he cried, and his little eyes winked rapidly. "You can keep th' pace——"

Then turning to the crowd he began to tell of the night in New York when he had first met the boss of the New Man. Cranston, with an evil longing to choke him, managed to shut him off before the narrative reached its climax. But McGruddy did not take pleasure in being stopped in the midst of his story.

"You're too good, now," he suggested, insolently, "to take a drink with a few honest men. I should think you would be—after what you've handed to that poor girl." A chorus of drunken yelps from the background urged him on. Cranston pushed close to him.

"You keep her name out of this, Doc, after this," he ordered. "I drink with whom I please and when I please, but not with crooks—when I know it."

Realizing his opportunity, the Doctor swung around and shouted:

He won't drink with crooks," he cried. "And whose a crook here?"

Cranston bit his tongue with chagrin. It had been a bad slip, and he realized it, too late. But he pressed close to the bristling little figure of the adventurer. Miners from the Zero and the Badger pushed close, but Cranston saw the faces of several of his own crew.

"You keep your mouth shut!" he ordered, with a snap of his jaw. "I'm doing the talking tonight! Get that?" Then he turned to the men.

"You fellows will get your pay tomorrow. The New Man is shut down, and you probably all know the reason. If any of you want to come back and work on shares, all right—I'll be glad to have you."

He waited for a moment, but only the shuffling figure of the battered Welshman pushed thru the crowd to his side. Cranston, fearing trouble, put his hand idly in his side pocket, but Big Dan nudged his arm.

"Careful!" cautioned the Irishman. "He's wan o' your besht friends now,' he cautioned.

"I'll work on shares," offered Tanner, sullenly.

"Thot was a bad break," whispered the cautious Irishman, in Cranston's ear. "Wait a while—that Welshman's got ore cached—I know th' breed."

Cranston was about to reiterate the offer when the Doctor touched him on the arm.

"I'll trouble you," he said raspingly, "not to try to get my help away from me. I've hired most of these men tonight. They came to me—and I gave them good wages. Hands off!"

Cranston, now cool, saw another block to his game. The men had, of course, heard of the fizzle of the New Man and had hastened to get work from Doc McGruddy. He was tied up. Only the Welshman was left to work on shares—and Big Dan had cautioned him not to accept this man's offer immediately.

"Come back here," suggested McGruddy, "I want to have a talk with you."

With a shade of contempt in his face, Cranston followed the little man to the rear of the room.

"Now," said McGruddy, with a dangerous light in his eye, "we'll come down to business. You're pretty thick with that Enid Ayron, aren't you?"

A sudden tremor shook Cranston's frame, and he longed to sink his teeth into the leathery throat of the man who sat opposite him. But he waited. A dull silence had pervaded the room. It was much as if every man in the place were trying to hear what passed between the young boss and the New York man.

"Well," snarled the Doctor, "I know you are, so it doesn't make much difference whether you admit it or not, only—it's got to stop!"

White with anger and goaded to desperation, Cranston rose, but the cool voice of McGruddy calmed him.

"Don't get excited," he cautioned. "That man in the red shirt over there has a nice little Colt's in his pocket, which he will use if you make a move towad me. Now I want you to listen! You are to shut down—completely—on the New Man. No more digging, understand? And you are to let that girl alone. Not see her, understand, or——"

"Or what?" asked Searl, grimly.

"Or I'll tell all I know about that night in New York! Make a pretty story for her ears, wouldn't it?" he laughed, hungrily.

Cranston leaned back and smiled.

"You've got to have a heavier whip than that," said Cranston, shortly, "because she happens to know all about it." It was his turn to laugh now, and he did.

The cool eyes under the busy brows never wavered.

"I don't think she does," said McGruddy, firmly, "did you tell her about—about the woman, for instance?"

Cranston's smile froze on his lips.

"You dirty cur!" he hissed. "That's the sort of game, is it? I thought you were dirty, but not that bad. Your story wouldn't last two minutes with her. Besides, you know it isn't true!"

"Of course it isn't true," smiled the doctor, "but one little seed like that and old Mr. Doubt would have his foot in the door. Once let a woman get a taste of doubt, and it's all off."

But Cranston was luckily possessed of a little cunning. His first impulse was to throw himself upon the contemptible crook who was baiting him, but suddenly another way presented itself. He would wait.

"Well," he said, in an implied tone of resignation, "what's your proposition?"

"That's better," commended McGruddy. "My idea is this: You get out. The New Man is up a flue. I usually get what I want!" He concluded the last with a smug smile that illuminated his evil face.

A sudden idea presented itself. For a second Cranston hesitated, then he nodded his head.

"But I'll go at night," he said.

"The sooner the better," agreed the Doctor. "But you go—or Miss Ayron will hear the story of that woman in New York. And believe me, English, I'm some story-teller, when I get started!"

Cranston bowed his head. "All right," he answered, "I guess there's no other way out of it."

"You'll write her a note—tonight," said McGruddy, "and you'll tell her you're going. I shall see the note tomorrow, so be careful what you say. Leave that to me—I'll see it."

The crowd was quiet as he passed thru and joined Big Dan.

"Well," asked the Irishman, "what did th' little whiskered divil have to say?"

"What was the matter with those men?" asked Cranston, ignoring the question for a minute.

"McGruddy's got 'em all sthirred up about your having a chanst to sell th'

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mine an' not doin' it. He's told them that th' gurrl will have t' suffer for yer d—n foolishness. He's an oily little schnake."

"He is," agreed Searl, "but unless I miss my guess we can catch him."

'What did he say to you?" asked Big Dan.

"He made me promise to leave town tonight."

"Th' h—l he did!" roared the Irishman.

Cranston nodded. They were now close to his cabin and could talk with little or no chance of being overheard.

"But I'm not going," he said finally. "Dan, are you willing to play the hermit with me for a while?"

The Irishman looked at him with a new twinkle in his eye.

"Shtill fightin'?" he queried.

"Yes, I'm going to camp out in the New Man. We'll take a couple of my Chinks along to to do the cooking, and by lying low we may run across something new. I've got to do some heavy thinking. Incidentally we can rig up some way to grind out a little dust that'll pay necessary expenses for some time. Are you on?"

"Shure," replied Dan, with a laugh. "It's been so d—n long since I've been camping I've forgotten how it tastes," he roared, good-naturedly. "I'm with ye, my boy, till h—l freezes over!"

The remainder of the night was a busy one in the little cabin on the slope. At the early break of day not a sign remained to show that a human being had occupied the place but a few hours before. A chipmunk, smelling salty stuff in the air, scurried thru the open door and pounced upon the only fragment of food he could find—the rind of a bacon. All the furniture was gone—carefully stored away in Ayron's old shack. Every sign of Cranston and his two Chinamen had also disappeared. Miss Enid Ayron, meeting her father and sister on the morning train, was handed a paper by a Chinese boy. She scurried thru its contents with a disappointed eye, then she caught sight of a similar note wrapped within the first.

"I'm still fighting. Don't believe anything in this first note, but show it, if asked. Look thru the house and see if I've left anything, and keep your eyes open when Doc McGruddy is around. Destroy this note. CRANSTON."

Realizing that some plan was afoot, she met her father with a brave smile that swept away his worries about Cranston.

"I think a hull heap o' English," he admitted, when he had kissed her," but I hate t' see my little gal lose all she's got a-tryin' tuh make him a man."

"But it's worth it, Daddy," she whispered, and from the blush on her face Old Jim Ayron did not doubt but that his daughter sincerely believed so.

She explained the situation to her father as well and as rapidly as she could.

"And now I must stop at his cabin and see if he overlooked anything."

With her arm about Hilda, the two girls sprang over the low doorstep and entered the cabin. The frightened chipmunk, seeing his escape thru the door cut off, scurried across the beams and lodged himself in a dusky recess under the eaves, to wait his chance.

A queer feeling of loneliness crept over Enid, but she smiled as she hurried about the place. A little pile of catalogs on mining machinery was heaped disconsolately in one end of the room, marking a spot where Cranston's desk had been, and Hilda saw them.

"We ought to look those over," she suggested.

"You do it," returned Enid, absently, as with a scarlet face she entered the little den where Cranston had slept.

A broken mirror, a comb that was minus a few teeth, together with the remains of some high boots, lay on the floor. Ayron, blissfully sunning himself on the doorstep, heard the busy steps of his two daughters and his heart was happy. The scarred outline of Mineral Mound loomed up just across the canyon and frowned down upon his smiling face. He shook his fist in delight at what it had yielded him, and smoked placidly on.

A string of jolting ore cars shot down the tramway across the canyon and dropped their clattering, creaking load on the heap at the mill. Then the tiny donkey engine screamed shrilly and began its miniature snorting as the steel cables writhed and twisted and tugged the string of cars back along the steep grade.

A month ago the canyon was quiet; now it was bustling with life. Ayron thought with a smile of his cattle feeding on the open range two hundred miles away, and he grinned in boyish delight. His sons were growing up. He was getting old, but he had made good at last. It was better to be a man than the empty hulk he had been before he had tasted success, and this thought drew him on to a mental discussion of Searl Cranston.

Suddenly both Ayron and Enid were startled by a gasping cry from the big room of the cabin. Enid rushed to the doorway of the den where she had been dreaming, and Old Jim started to his feet.

The pale-faced Hilda, bent like a live willow stem over the heap of catalogs, was transfixed with surprise. In her hand she held an old purse, and there, where it had fallen on the floor by her feet, lay the small photograph that Cranston had found in the strange pocketbook that morning on the Pullman car from New York.

"Look," whispered Hilda. "I found it here—among his things!"

Ayron whistled to himself.

"Maybe he knew him," he volunteered, but Enid, with nothing short of a mother's intuition, clasped her sister in her arms. Two bright spots flickered on the girl's cheek as she gazed down on that small, oblong pasteboard, into the smooth-shaven face that looked up at her.

"It is surely he," she whispered half to herself.

"If it was in Mr. Cranston's purse," said Enid, softly, "he probably knows of him. It will be cleared up, Hilda, don't worry."

"He must know where he is!" cried Hilda, vehemently. "I'll ask him."

"But Mr. Cranston's gone, dear," said her sister.

"Then I'll find him first!" cried the girl.

"There will be time for that—later," said Enid. "Now let's go home. I have a lot of work to do."

The photograph and the purse were tightly clasped in Hilda's hand when she left Cranston's cabin, and her face was transfixed with the realization that a long, long want was about to be satisfied.

This capital story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

THE HABIT.

"I'm dreadfully worried," said the girl in the white serge suit to her friend on the opposite side of the little table. "I don't know whether I can explain it to you because it is kind of involved.

"I'll have to go back to the time when I was 14 and Willie had just looked upon my horizon. I thought he was the handsomest boy the beneficent powers above had ever permitted to glorify the earth. Effie Snow, who was in love with the boy who delivered groceries, and I used to quarrel for hours at a time, each trying to convince the other of the superior attractions of he beloved.

"I remember pointing out to Effie the glorious sweep of Willie's raven hair above his noble brow and the falcon fire of his flashing black eye.

"I said it showed that he was a hero destined to do noble deeds and that she was a horrid thing to say he was homely. It was just because she was jealous.

"Years later I came across a picture of a Sunday school picnic with Willie in the front row and I took a good look at him. He was a boy who was exaggerated at all points. His bristly hair stood straight up like a shoe brush, and he had pop eyes. He was just queer-looking and it seems to me that I have heard rumors from some one that he is running a livery stable in his home town.

"Well, when I was 17 my heart belonged to Richard. I thought that of all the grand men on earth he was the grandest, and used to sit at my window at night when I should have been getting my beauty sleep and look at the moon and dream of him.

"'Noble,' was the adjective I applied to Richard. I meditated upon his serene brow, his poetic face, and his wonderful profile. I likened it to a cameo, and sighed to think that all the men in the world could not be like him and so redeem it from its prosaic ugliness. I said that just to look at him one would know he was filled with splendid aspirations and was far, far above sordid thoughts of gain that made most men selfish and grasping. I remember mother sighing at the time and murmuring that sordid gain was a mighty nice thing to have around when the grocery and milk bills came due.

"I saw Richard not long ago, and of all the lank, slipshod, weak-faced, no-account creatures he is the worst! I think he sells woodenware and takes his meals at a 15-cent restaurant. There wasn't a single, solitary thing about him to admire or look up to—and how I had raved about him once!

"When I was 18 I thought the sun rose and set in Mr. Judkins, who was a friend of father's and a bachelor. I said his face showed that he had fought with the world and had been a victor in his battles, and the marks of his struggles only added to the strength of his countenance. I said that after knowing him the younger men bored me with their greenness and inexperiences, and that it was such a comfort to be able to rest on Mr. Judkins' superior judgment and know whatever he said was right.

"My family were terribly wrought up about the matter and father used regularly to explode when I spoke of Mr. Judkins' wisdom and stability. Mother would dissolve into tears and beg me not to ruin my life by marrying an old man. Well, that's five years ago—and today Mr. Judkins looks to me like a fat, selfish, weatherbeaten, elderly man, and if there was a law compelling me to marry him I'd never obey the law if they put me into prison for life.

"There were several after Mr. Judkins. And every one at the time I considered the best looking man on earth. The attractive features I could dig up in those men would have been sufficient to make a perpetual beauty show of the masculine population of this big town we live in.

"And after we had our fallings out every time I blinked my eyes and took another look I saw their thin hair and watery eyes, their crooked noses and awful ears.

"It never failed.

"Now what is worrying me——" the girl in white serge made marks on the doilies with her spoon, "is whether——

"You see, of course, I don't mean there is anything serious between Harry and myself, but—well, am I going to wake up and find out that he is homely and commonplace, too? That would be awful after I was married and—yet, I might as well tell you that I'm engaged to him! What do you think?"

"My dear," said her friend in a tone of awe, "if you can think for a minute that a man with a snub nose, red hair, small eyes and a walk like a kangaroo, such as Harry has, is the least bit good-looking it is proof that you are so deeply in love with him that you'll never come to your senses! Go ahead and marry him!"

"I intend to!" said the girl in white serge, stiffly. "And I must say it's only jealousy on your part that makes you run down a handsome young man like Harry!"

"Anyhow, you're consistent!" said her friend.

* * *

A Gift Horse.

"Oh, John!" exclaimed Mrs. Cloyer, "you should just see the lovely plant Mrs. Vibbs has given me! It is beautiful!"

"Excuse me!" growled Cloyer. "I don't want to see any beau-ti-ful plant presented to you by Mrs. Vibbs, nor anything else that has been presented to you by any one.

"Some people have the idea that the giving of gifts is a sacred thing, like giving in marriage. But that is all a mistake. Giving is a pernicious habit. It has caused more trouble and misunderstandings and blighted affections and broken friendships than anything else in the world!

"The Finkins and the Dubheimers lived next door to each other. They got along like two bulldogs. It was lovely. Neither cared to start anything with the other. There was no circling around and rubbing of noses, for they knew that such overtures lead to war.

"But one calm day in June when the little birds were singing among the leafy branches and all things whispered peace, Mrs. Finkin, without any warning of any sort, suddenly gave Mrs. Dubheimer a can of fruit.

"After a sleepless night Mrs. Dubheimer stealthily swooped down on Mrs. Finkin when the latter was digging up weeds in her geranium bed and presented that defenseless lady with a clock. It was a big clock.

"Mrs. Finkin retired in confusion and did not sleep for two nights, burdened with her sense of obligation. But in the middle of the third night she had an inspiration. In the morning she carried out her plan. She presented Mrs. Dubheimer with a sofa which was so heavy that it took three men to lift it over the fence. She felt as if after that the obligation was all on the Dubheimer side of the fence.

"At that Mrs. Dubheimer moved out of the neighborhood, but the war of gifts continued. The first time Mrs. Finkin went to the other side of the town to call on Mrs. Dubheimer, the latter presented her with two bushel basketfuls of peaches to carry home with her.

"When Mr. and Mrs. Dubheimer returned that call they had to carry home with them two rocking chairs and a couple of dormer windows.

"Each family tried to snow the other under. They got into the habit of giving and never knew when to quit.

"Always look a gift horse in the mouth; that is my advice. A gift horse has both a kick and a bite to it, not to mention spavins and every other affliction."

* * *

Fooled the Doctor.

A Scot had his leg injured at a factory and was treated for some time by the doctor without much favorable result. His mother had great faith in a local bonesetter and wanted her son to go to him, but the boy objected, preferring, as he said, the "reg'lar faculty." Finally, however, he yielded to his mother's persuasions and was taken to the town where the famous bonesetter resided.

The leg was duly examined and it was found necessary to pull it very severely in order "to get the bone in," as the quack expressed it. The patient howled in agony, but at last the bone was "got in" and he was bidden to go home. In a few days he would be all right and could resume work.

"Didn't he do it well?" said the joyous old lady, as they started homeward.

"Yes, he did, mother," said the lad, "he pulled it well; but I was na sic a fool as ti gie him the sair leg!"

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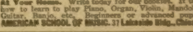

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The Dumb Captive

Or, The Indian Maid's Love

By Emma Howcrd Wight

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CHAPTER III.

SEVERAL months had passed since Aaron had been taken prisoner by the Indians. His life with the Indians had not been unpleasant. With the exception of Eagle Wing, who hated him, they were all very friendly. Aaron with his dark skin, dark eyes and straight black hair was not as suggestive to them of the hated white man as he would have been if he were fair, blue-eyed and blond-haired.

Aaron liked the wild, free life of the Indians, but he longed to return to his own people. He sometimes accompanied the Indians on hunting and fishing expeditions, but he was always too closely watched to make any attempt to escape. There were times when he despaired of ever being able to escape and go back to the settlement.

Morning Star's devotion to him continued unabated, despite the fact that he gently, but very firmly, repulsed her when she made any advances to him. At length she began to grow a little discouraged, and sought the advice of the wise woman of the tribe, a very old squaw, named Katawka, which in the Indian language meant "Reader of the Stars." Morning Star told Katawka of her love for the paleface, and asked her how she could make him love her so that [illegible] h[illegible]igwam and [illegible] squaw.

Katawka reflected a while.

"Morning Star must make the paleface like one of her own people," she said, at length.

"How can Morning Star make paleface like Indian?" asked the girl.

"The paleface's hair has grown long, it is straight and black," replied Katawka. His eyes are black as the wings of a crow, he is straight and moves swiftly. Stain the skin of the paleface with the juice of the walnut, strip him to the waist and put on his legs the dress of the Indian, in his hair the feathers of a brave. So like the Indian the paleface will be that the mother who bore him would not know him for her son. Then will he take Morning Star to his wigwam and make her his squaw."

The lustrous eyes of the Indian girl lighted with the eagerness of hope.

"The paleface's skin shall be stained, he shall throw away the white man's clothes and go naked to the waist like the red warriors," she said. She laid her slim brown hand on the bent, shriveled shoulder of the old squaw. "Katawka has brought joy to the heart of Morning Star," she murmured gratefully.

Katawka, who was very old and very hideous, looked up with bleared eyes at the slim, erect form and pretty face of the Indian girl.

"Why has Morning Star set her heart on the paleface when she could have her choice of the young braves of her own people?" she queried, curiously

"Katawka has lived many moons and is very wise, but she knows not the answer to the question she asks Morning Star," replied the girl. She looked questioningly at the old squaw, who shook her head. Morning Star smiled. "Why does Katawka seek an answer then from Morning Star, who has lived only a few moons and is not wise?"

"Katawka would like to know," declared the old squaw.

"Morning Star cannot tell Katawka. She does not know why her heart was closed to the love words of Eagle Wing and the other braves, and opened like a flower kissed by the sun when her eyes first looked upon the paleface."

Katawka was silent for a moment.

"Morning Star is right," she said at length. "Katawka is wise and know many things, but the heart of an Indian maid that turns from the braves of her own people and beats with love for the paleface is mightier than the wisdom of Katawka."

For an instant the girl's head drooped under the reproach, then she looked up.

"Morning Star is not ashamed of her love for the paleface," she declared. "She goes to do the bidding of Katawka. The paleface will forget his own people and be happy in the love of the Indian maid," and she glided smilingly from the wigwam.

Morning Star sought Aaron and told him what was to be done to him. He was at first inclined to rebel, but realizing how useless that would be, he submitted quietly. He was taken to a wigwam by several Indians, stripped, and his body stained with the juice of the walnut, and he was then clothed as an Indian brave. When he left the wigwam the Indians crowded around him with guttural expressions of wonder and satisfaction. Morning Star appeared overjoyed. Eagle Wing stood aloof and looked with hatred at Aaron.

When the Indians had dispersed Morning Star went up to Aaron and said: "Come with me."

They walked away together, and Eagle Wing, furious with jealousy, followed them at a little distance. When they stopped beside a stream at a little distance from the settlement, Eagle Wing concealed himself behind some bushes and watched them.

Morning Star told Aaron to look into the stream. He did so, and at the sight of his reflection a startled exclamation broke from his lips. He was prepared for a change in his appearance, but not for so complete a transformation. He had lost his identity; in appearance he was an Indian.

He stood gazing fascinatedly at his reflection in the clear water until Morning Star, growing impatient, touched him on the shoulder. He straightened up, turned, and looked at her. Her eyes, as they met his, were tender, passionate, expectant. She waited a moment, but Aaron did not speak.

"Paleface now Indian brave," said Morning Star. "He will look upon Morning Star and find her beautiful." She paused, but Aaron was still silent. "He will take Morning Star to his wigwam and make her his squaw."

Aaron shook his head with a grave smile. "You have made me look like an Indian, but that does not change my heart," he declared.

Morning Star looked at him bewilderedly. "Katawka said it would be so," she told him. "And Katawka is very wise."

"Katawka may be wise where her own people are concerned," said Aaron, "but she knows naught about the palefaces."

The radiance on the girl's face was giving way to dismay.

"The eyes of the Indian braves look upon Morning Star and find her beautiful," she murmured. "Are not the eyes of the paleface the eyes of a man?"

She drew nearer to him, her eyes softly shining, her red lips half parted, her cheeks the color of a deep crimson rose. Eagle Wing quivered with jealous fury as he saw her impassioned face from where he crouched behind the bushes. Aaron's face he could not see, and he did not suspect that the white man looked upon the lovely, impassioned face and lithe, graceful form of the Indian girl, as she swayed toward him, unmoved. Eagle Wing was too far away to hear what was said, and took it for granted that the paleface was entirely responsive.

"I owe my life to you, and I am grateful," said Aaron. "But I cannot care for you in the way you wish. Listen." He laid his hand lightly on her arm. His touch sent the wild blood racing thru her veins and she swayed nearer to him. Eagle Wing straightened up and lifted his bow. "I love a paleface girl," continued Aaron. Morning Star drew a deep breath and stared at him with widening eyes. An arrow whizzed thru the air and buried itself in his shoulder.

He uttered a groan, staggered, and fell to the ground. Morning Star dropped on her knees beside him, quickly and deftly plucked the arrow from the flesh, knowing that it meant death if allowed to remain there even for a little while. Then she stanched the blood which gushed from the wound with strips torn from her garments.

CHAPTER IV.

A MONTH had passed. On a pile of skins in one of the wigwams lay Aaron. He had been very ill from the effects of the wound made by Eagle Wing's arrow. Morning Star entered and knelt beside him, looking at him anxiously, questioningly. Aaron lay with closed eyes as tho he were sleeping. The Indian girl, who had nursed him faithfully and untiringly, knelt gazing upon him with great tenderness.

Suddenly his eyes opened and he looked up into her face. She bent over him eagerly, almost breathlessly. She saw that the fever had left him, and that he recognized her for the first time in almost a month.

"The soul of the paleface has come back from the dark shadows," she exclaimed joyfully.

She waited for Aaron to speak,, his lips moved, but no sound came from them. Startled, she watched him curiously. He appeared to be trying to speak, but could not.

"Why doesn't the paleface speak to Morning Star?" the girl at length asked.

Aaron shook his head, a distressed look on his face. When he tried to speak he found he could not, and at length he succeeded in making that fact clear to Morning Star. With a concerned look on her face, she arose and went quickly out of the wigwam. Very soon she returned with an old, venerable-looking Indian, the medicine man of the tribe. He stood for a moment looking gravely down upon Aaron.

"The fever has taken away the tongue of the paleface," he said at length. "He sees again what his eyes look upon, but his lips are silent. Words will come from them no more."

He turned and went out of the wigwam. Morning Star sank down beside Aaron. She caught his hands, pressing them to her lips, her bosom, murmuring words of tenderness and compassion. But Aaron turned from her with a groan.

Aaron gradually recovered, and was soon as strong as he had ever been, but his speech did not return. He often wondered, with a sick feeling of pain at his heart, if he would be dumb all his life. His loss of speech cut off all hope of escaping from the Indians. He was helpless, for even if he succeeded in getting away he could not make known the fact that he was not an Indian, and in all probability would be killed by the first white man he encountered. The Indians evidently took the same view of the matter, for Aaron was allowed much more liberty than before his loss of speech. Morning Star's devotion to him continued unabated. There were times when he was tempted to throw in his lot with the Indians, resign himself to his fate, and take the Indian girl for his squaw. But at such times the fair face of Annie, his sweetheart, would rise before him, filling him with unspeakable longing, and he could not do it.

He had been with the Indians almost a year, when, one day, he overheard them planning a raid upon the white settlement. Aaron listened with sickening despair. When the Indians were making ready to depart he made known his desire to accompany them, in the hope that in some way he might be able to save the settlers. The Indians made no objection to his accompanying them. There were about thirty of them in the raiding party. He was furnished with a pony and a pair of pistols.

Morning Star looked very grave when she saw that Aaron was going with them, but she uttered no word of remonstrance. To have done so or shown any emotion would have violated the code of the Indian woman, who must be stoical under such conditions, even while she knows her loved one is going to face death and may never return. So, with the rest of the women, many of whom had some one dear to her in the raiding party, Morning Star looked on apparently unmoved as the Indians mounted their ponies and rode away. For a moment only did she manifest any feeling. As Aaron rode by her their eyes met. In his was the gentleness of gratitude; in hers a woman's passionate love.

The sun was setting, gilding the tops of the mountains with golden light, as the Indians rode away. An hour later Morning Star, mounted on her thorobred pony, followed them.

It was near sunset when the raiding band of Indians reached the wood near the settlement. There they halted to wait until night to attack the whites. Aaron, sick at heart and trying in vain to think of some way to warn the set-

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tlers, wandered to the edge of the woods and stood gazing yearningly toward the settlement. It was the same spot where he and Annie had been surprised by the Indians nearly a year before.

His eyes filled with tears as he gazed at the settlement, quiet and peaceful in the golden and crimson light of the setting sun. His dear ones were there—father, mother, sweetheart—menaced by a deadly danger, and he was powerless to help them.

After a little while two persons approached from the settlement. As they drew near, Aaron, with a leaping heart, saw that they were Annie Hall and Gale Whitby. He drew back, concealing himself behind a tree. Annie and Gale came on, pausing near the tree behind which Aaron was hidden. Aaron was aware of the fact that Gale was pleading with Annie to marry him. He listened almost breathlessly to hear what the girl would say.

"I can't marry you, Gale," she declared, and a great sigh of relief left Aaron's lips.

"Are you going to spend all your life grieving for Aaron Hite?" asked Gale, moodily.

"I don't know," replied the girl, very sadly. "I loved him, and I cannot forget him."

"Marry me, Annie, and I'll teach you to forget him," he urged passionately.

She shook her head. "Don't ask me, Gale, I cannot."

He uttered an exclamation in which pain and impatience were mingled.

"I've waited nearly a year before speaking to you again," he murmured.

"A year!" she said. "Is that so long a time to remember and grieve for one we love?" She paused a moment, then added, half to herself, "There are times when I feel that Aaron is not dead."

"Not dead!" repeated Gale. He gave a short laugh. The girl winced. "The Injuns make short work of——" she interrupted him with a protesting gesture.

"Don't, I can't bear it!" she cried. "Please go away, Gale. I want to be alone for a little while."

Reluctantly and somewhat sullenly, he walked away in the direction of the settlement. Aaron heard the girl sobbing, and, forgetting everything, he moved from behind the tree and started toward her. At the sight of him her face grew white with terror and Aaron remembering, stopped. Annie fled toward the settlement. She soon overtook Gale and told him of her encounter with the Indian. She was white, trembling, utterly unnerved. Gale was quick to grasp the danger that menaced the settlement.

"Injuns about!" he exclaimed. "We must be on the lookout. They may intend to make a raid on us tonight. Don't be so frightened, Annie. We'll be ready for 'em. It was lucky that you happened to see that one in the wood."

CHAPTER V.

IT WAS night, and under cover of the darkness the Indians crept stealthily upon the settlement. Aaron had intended firing his pistols when near the settlement to arouse the men, tho he knew that he would be instantly killed. But he was more than willing to give his life in an effort to save the settlers. But at the suggestion of Eagle Wing, Aaron's pistols had been taken from him.

The entire settlement appeared wrapped in slumber. A passionate prayer went up from Aaron's very soul:

"Oh, God, save them!"

Suddenly the dead silence was broken by the discharge of firearms, and the settlers dashed out of the houses and attacked the Indians. Taken by surprise, the Indians turned and fled. Aaron alone made no attempt to get away and was taken prisoner. He was closely guarded during the night, and in the morning at sunrise was brought to the common where all the settlers were assembled. Aaron's heart beat wildly as he looked around upon the dear and familiar faces. His mother and Annie were pale and grief-stricken. His father, too, had changed and he regarded the supposed Indian with hatred in his eyes.

"Friends, what do you reckon on doin' with this here Injun?" he asked, addressing the settlers.

"Kill him," was the unanimous reply.

"Then I ask that mine be the hand to take his cursed life!" cried Hite.

There was a murmur of acquiescence.

"Oh, God!" prayed Aaron, "Give me back the power of speech. Don't let my blood be upon my father."

His eyes met the sad ones of his mother and in them was a mute, anguished appeal. She started forward and laid her hand on her husband's arm. "Don't kill him, George!" she pleaded.

Hite looked at her in astonishment.

"You plead for him?" he exclaimed.

"I—I feel sorry for him," she faltered.

"You feel sorry for him, for an Injun?" cried Hite. "Have you forgotten that your son met his death—a death of torture—at the hands of the Injuns, the very tribe to which this one belongs! And you ask me not to kill him." She shrank from him, covering her face with her hands. "I swore an oath that I would never show mercy to an Injun," continued Hite.

He moved toward Aaron, drawing his pistol from his belt.

"Stop!"

Hite's hand dropped and he turned to face an Indian girl who had glided quietly into their midst. Aaron's heart leaped with hope, for he knew that Morning Star had come to save him.

"Paleface no kill," she said, addressing Hite, "or his hands will be red with the blood of his brother. He," she pointed to Aaron, "no Indian—he paleface."

Hite gave a grim laugh. "The girl lies," he said.

Morning Star drew herself up proudly.

"Morning Star is no liar," she said. "She came to save the life of the paleface who twelve moons ago was taken prisoner by the red warriors."

Hite started. Annie made a movement toward Morning Star. Mrs. Hite held out her arms to her.

"My boy, my boy!" she cried. "Can you tell me of my boy?"

"If you are his mother, there is your son," replied Morning Star, pointing to Aaron.

Mrs. Hite, slowly, dazedly, moved toward Aaron. At a little distance from him she paused uncertainly.

"If you are my son, why do you not speak and tell me so?" she asked. There was a moment's tense silence. Aaron made one supreme effort to break the bonds of silence which had held him for many months and from his lips burst the word:

"Mother!"

In the excitement and rejoicing that followed, Morning Star, unnoticed, went quietly away.

The End.

* * *

Inexperienced.

She was a young wife, just married, from boarding-school, and, altho educated regardless of expense, didn't know beans from any other vegetable. Hence this dialog with the cook:

"Now, Biddy, what are we to have for dinner?"

"There's two chickens to dress, mum."

"I'll dress them the first thing. Where are their clothes?"

"Why, mum, they're in their feathers yet."

"Oh, then, serve them that way. The ancient Romans always cooked their peacocks with their feathers on. It will be a surprise to hubby."

"It will that, mum. Shure, if you want to help you could be parin' the turnips."

"Oh, how sweet! I'll pair them two and two in no time. Why, I had no idea cooking was so picturesque."

"I think, mum, that washin' the celery do be more in your line."

"All right, Biddy. I'll take it up to the bathroom, and I've some lovely Paris soap that will take off every speck."

"Thank you, mum. Would you mind telling me the name of the asylum where you was eddicated? I think I'll have to take some lessons there myself if we be going to work together."

* * *

One Was Enough.

At a recent reception at the Colony Club, in the city of New York, the members of the Authors' League of America were guests, along with a considerable number of persons moving majestically in the most frigid and exclusive circles of top society.

One of the patronesses, a woman who has plenty of wealth and plenty of literary ability as well, presently espied two delegates from society's arctic regions sitting in a window seat, very much alone and apparently not enjoying themselves to any large degree. Plainly they were mother and daughter; a very commanding-looking mother and rather docile, timid daughter. Being minded to make the affair a complete success, the patron lady approached the aloof pair.

"How do you do?" she said. "I am Mrs. So-and-So. Wouldn't you like to meet some of the authors who are present this afternoon?"

The senior lady's austere nose went up just a trifle straighter.

"No," she said, with congealed politeness; "no, thank you. We've met one."

RECEIPT TO DARKEN GRAY HAIR

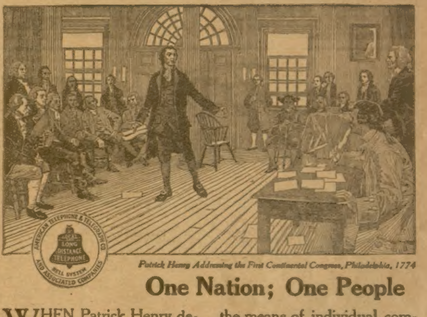
This Home Made Mixture Darkens Gray Hair and Removes Dandruff.

To a half pint of water add:

Bay Rum	1 oz.
Barbo Compound	1 small box
Glycerine	¼ oz.

These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any druggist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used.

A half pint should be enough to darken the gray hair, rid the head of dandruff and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out, and relieves itching and scalp diseases. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.



Patrick Henry Addressing the First Continental Congress, Philadelphia, 1774

One Nation; One People

WHEN Patrick Henry declared that oppression had effaced the boundaries of the several colonies, he voiced the spirit of the First Continental Congress.

In the crisis, the colonies were willing to unite for their common safety, but at that time the people could not immediately act as a whole because it took so long for news to travel from colony to colony.

The early handicaps of distance and delay were greatly *reduced and direct* communication was established between communities with the coming of the railroads and the telegraph. They connected places. The telephone connects persons irrespective of place. The telephone system has provided the means of individual communication which brings into one national family, so to speak, the whole people.

Country wide in its scope, the Bell system carries the spoken word from person to person anywhere, annihilating both time and distance.

The people have become so absolutely unified by means of the facilities for transportation and communication that in any crisis they can decide as a united people and act simultaneous[illegible] *tion of the seat of government.*

In the early days, the capital was moved from place to place because of sectional rivalry, but today Independence Hall is a symbol of union, revered alike in Philadelphia and the most distant American city.

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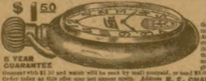

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His Suggestion.

"What shall we give Mabel for her wedding present?" asked the mother.

"How would the receipted bills for her trousseau do?" asked Dad.

AT THE WEDDING.

To kiss the bride the people flock
Into the gay reception-room,
And then they pass outside to knock
The very badly frightened groom.

KOPPING THE KOPPER'S "KICKS"

Defined.

"What's your idea of a crank?"

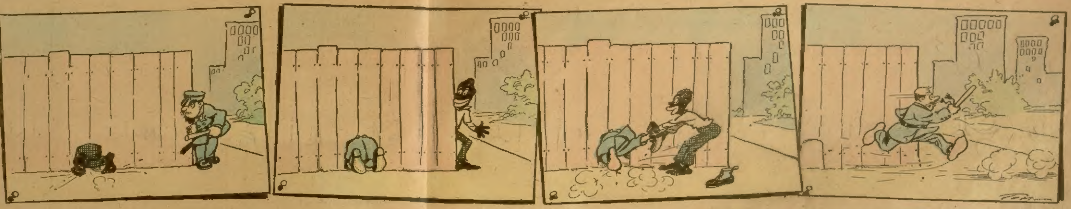
"A crank is a fellow who insists on trying to convince me, instead of letting me convice him."

A Real Friend.

"Are you a friend of the family?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'm guarding the wedding presents for 'em while they're taking care of feeding the guests."

OUR MOVING PICTURE SHOW

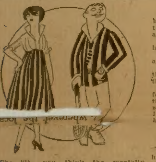


The Copper—"Aha! Look at that coon crawlin' thru that fence! He's up to some devilment, I'll bet. I'm goin' to see what he's doin'. Expect I'll have to arrest him!"

Black Rastus—"Well, fo' de Lawd' sake, look at dat cop tryin' to get thru dat hole! He's got a mighty peart lookin' pair ob shoes, an' I do belieb he's done stuck fast in dat hole!

"Come on, yo' nice ole shoes, I need yo' on my bare feet! Yo' suttinly look good to dis black baby! Hear de cop yell an' cuss! It's no use, I gotta hab dese kicks!"

The Copper—"Stop him! Come back here, you black highway robber! I can't go round this town in my socks! Gee, an' some people say it was a good thing to free the slaves!"



She—"Do you think the mentally weak should be allowed to marry?"

He—"Do you want to abolish marriage entirely?"

* * *

Not Lost.

Bobby's mother had forbidden him to fight, but he came home one day, bruised and battered, with the blood running down his face and two front teeth missing.

"Why, Bobbie," said the mother sternly, "you have been fighting again, and have lost two of your teeth."

"Oh, no, I haven't, mother," replied the young man, "I've got them both safe in my pocket."

* * *

In Short Order.

A lady who had just received an interesting bit of news said to her little daughter:

"Marjorie, dear, auntie has a new baby, and now mamma is the baby's aunt, papa is the baby's uncle, and you are her little cousin."

"Well," said Marjorie, wonderingly, "wasn't that arranged quick?"

A Father's Troubles.

A parent's life is one long responsibility. It's a wonder that so many of the genus discharge their duties acceptably.

"How's the family?" one inquired of a happily married man yesterday.

"Well, my children are at a difficult age now."

"Difficult? Why, they've all passed the measles and teething stage, haven't they?"

"Long ago. But you don't know a father's troubles. My children are at the age where if I use slang my wife says I'm setting a bad example. And if I speak correctly, the kids think I'm a back number. Which would you do?"

* * *

Happy Enough.

A minister meeting a parishioner of his who had been quite recently married, and about whose domestic happiness terrible stories were rife, saluted him and said:

"Well, John, and how is it all going on?"

"Oh, happy enough," returned John.

"I'm glad to hear it. You know, there were rumors of rows or——"

"Rows," said John. "Oh, yes, there are plenty of rows; whenever she sees me she catches the first thing at hand, a dish or anything, and fires it at me. If she hits me, she's happy; if she doesn't, I am. Oh, we're getting on fine."

* * *

Breaking It Gently.

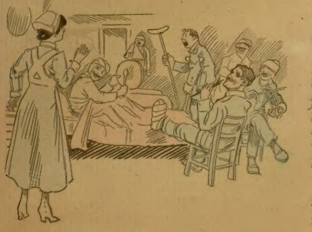
Two Germans were talking and the first said:

"So August was killed on the western front, eh? Who broke the sad news to his poor widow?"

"Hans—Hans of the landsturm broke the news," said the other German.

"And did he do it gently?" said the first.

"Oh, very gently. Very delicately," the second answered. "He began by asking her to marry him."



Nurse (of Private Hospital in Europe)—"A message has just come in to ask if the hospital will make a little less noise, as the lady next door has a touch of headache."

BADLY NAMED.

I named my villa Idlehour,
But I have had to put on power.

I've had to paint and trim and hoe,
Work like a human dynamo.

A man who has a country home
Finds that he must keep going some.

I must admit since I moved in it
I haven't had an idle minute.

* * *

The Worst of the War.

"I think we ought to have some one in to cut up that old tree for logs," said the wife.

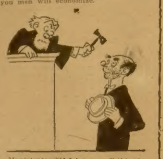
"Nonsense," replied the husband. "It'll be fine exercise for me. I'll go out and saw the logs myself."

For a half-hour he persisted. The net results were two logs, a broken saw, a pair of trousers scarified by saw. It was at this point that he went indoors and said:

"My dear, after all, I think at this time of the year the jobbing gardeners will need work. I'll ask a man to come round and finish the job."

"Yes," said the tactless wife, "and at the same time you might leave those trousers at the tailor's and see if you can get a new handle fitted to our only saw. The worst of this war is the way you men will economize."

* * *



Magistrate—"If I let you off this time, will you promise me to take the pledge?"

Prisoner—"I will, yer honor, and drink yer health!"

* * *

A Wise Child.

The teacher was trying to illustrate to her youthful Sunday-school class the lesson, "Return good for evil." To make it practical, she said:

"Now, suppose, children, one of your schoolmates should strike you, and the next day you should bring him an apple—that would be one way of returning good for evil."

A little girl sitting in one of the front seats raised her hand.

"Well, Elizabeth," said the teacher, "what is it?"

"Then," said Elizabeth, firmly, "he would strike you again to get another apple."

* * *

Getting Ready.

One cold, wet and windy night he came upon a negro shivering in the doorway of an Atlanta store. Wondering what the darky could be doing, standing on a cold, wet night in such a drafty position, the proprietor of the shop said:

"Jim, what are you doing there?"

"'Scuse me, sir," said Jim, "but I'm gwine to sing bass tomorrow mornin' at church, an' I am tryin' to ketch a cold."

A Doctor's Advice.

Witherspoon thought it was a good chance to get some medical aid without paying for it.

"How do you do this morning, Colonel?" asked Dr. Soonover.

"Poorly, doctor, poorly. For some time past I have been suffering from weakness. As you see. I can hardly walk. What shall I take, doctor?"

"Take a taxi," replied the doctor, gruffly, as he strode off.

Her Bargain.

Wife—"Oh, Tom, look at the lovely silk stockings I got at a fire sale for 17 cents. And not a thing the matter with them except the feet are burned off."

The Ground Rents.

A Scotchman meeting an Irishman one day asked: "I say, Pat, have you ever been in Italy?"

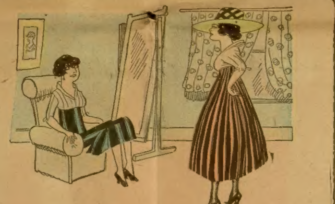
Irishman—"Shure, an' I have, Sandy."

Scotchman—"And is land dear there, Pat?"

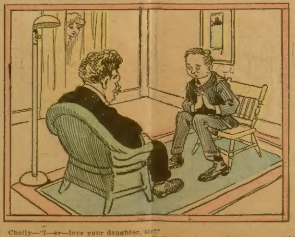
"No, Sandy, but the ground rents are awful."

Scotchman—"Why, what's the cause of that, Pat?"

Irishman—"Earthquakes."



Belle—"The man I marry must be my master!"
Ida—"But suppose he refuses?"
Belle—"Why, then I'll make him!"



Cholly—"I—er—love your daughter, sir!"
Old Jones—"And could you give her all the luxuries to which your courtship has accustomed her?"

TO A SMALL BOY.

Some day, my son, the President
You may grow up to be.
So let your present hours be spent
In gentle youthful glee.
For when you're President, my son,
For weary hours prepare;
You will have mighty little fun,
But lots of toil and care.

* * *

One at a Time.

At a charity bazaar in a small provincial town a great attraction was a tiny gray suede glove, which lay on a rose pink satin cushion. Above it was displayed a notice which read:

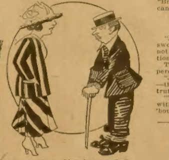
"The owner of this glove will, at 7 p. m. this evening, be pleased to kiss any person who purchases a ticket before that hour."

It was such a sweet little glove that it could only belong to a lovely girl. At least so thought the long queue of young men who were waiting eagerly as the clock struck 7.

Promptly to the minute old Maydock, the local butcher, appeared. Maydock is a worthy person, but not a beauty. He calmly picked up the glove and remarked:

"Well, gents, this glove belongs to me. I bought it this morning. I'm ready for you, so don't be bashful. One at a time, please."

* * *



Gerald—"I wouldn't harm a fly."

Geraldine—"You couldn't if it were an able-bodied fly."

* * *

Couldn't Afford It.

Two married ladies were having a chat, and, as usual, the conversation veered round to the expense of living.

"It's really awful how the rise in prices has affected us!" said one sadly. "Why, do you know that my bills for clothes this year are exactly double what they were last year?"

"Goodness!" gasped the other. "I don't see how your husband can afford it."

"He can't," replied the first, calmly. "But, then, he couldn't afford it last year, so what'r the difference?"

* * *

Not a Fool.

"Here's a strange case," said Mrs. Spotter to her husband. "A man they called the town fool up in New Hampshire died and they weighed his brain. It was heavier than the average."

"Is that all it says about him?"

"Yes—except that he was for many years entirely dependent on well-to-do relatives."

"Huh—he was no fool. If you have well-to-do relatives, why use your brains?"

Afraid to Risk It.

With sobs in his voice, the applicant for a meal and some old clothes had told his story, and the kind-hearted woman had helped him.

Now as he sat eating a hunk of bread and cheese she thought it wise to get in a little good advice. So she began:

"Don't you think that—er—it would be better for yourself if you used soap and water occasionally?"

The tramp sighed dolefully.

"I would ma'am—I would," he answered eagerly, "but the truth is that there's so many different kinds of soap, and it's so hard to know which is injurious to the skin, that I'm afraid to take any risks."

* * *

Visible Means of Support.

A certain magistrate in the south of Ireland had the reputation of being hard on vagrants and loafers. One of those unworthy specimens came before him charged with loitering, and after hearing the charge he pleaded guilt. The magistrate put some questions to him which he readily answered. Then his lordship said:

"Prisoner, have you any visible means of support?"

"Yes, your worship," replied Mick, quick as lightning. Then, turning to the area of the court, he looked at his wife, who was a washerwoman, and said: "Bridget, stand up, so that his worship can see you."

* * *

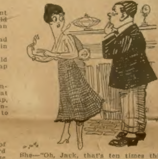
Not Worrying.

"Mind, now," said the judge, "you are sworn to tell the truth, and if you do not the penitentiary will be your portion."

The man took the oath and then whispered to his friend:

"John, I'm afeared it's all up with you—the judge says I've got to tell the truth."

"That's all right, Jim," said his friend, with confidence. "I ain't a-worryin' 'bout that, kase you can't do it."



She—"Oh, Jack, that's ten times this week you've knocked off my glasses and broken them while kissing me!"

He—"Never mind, dear. After we're married I'll be more economical."

* * *

A Quick Mind.

"It's a constant wonder to me," said the student of human nature, "to see how quickly the minds of some men act. There are people who can decide in an instant what it would take others a long time to consider. I met a man the other evening who is that way."

"Was he a lawyer?"

"I don't know; but he had an intellectual grasp that was astounding. I met him in the hall just as he was reaching for an umbrella. 'Is that your umbrella?' he inquired. 'No,' replied I. 'In that case,' he answered, 'it's mine.'"

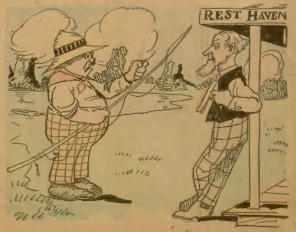
* * *

A Great Discovery.

"Thompson has made a discovery."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. He says that he had discovered that the more buttons there are on a woman's coat the greater the probability that it really fastens with hooks and eyes."—Puck.



Indignant Guest—"You ought to be arrested; you said there were bass and pickerel in this lake."
Rest Haven Prop—"Waal, there's an old Indian legend to that effect."

The Spider's Ambush

Or, Strangely Mated Comrades

By Victor Ardmore

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Begun in No. 24, June 10. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication

CHAPTER XIII

LING FONG did not turn after starting away, and the bushes soon concealed him wholly from view. It was something to have that ugly shape out of sight, but he had left a depression behind him that was lamentably painful

"The treacherous scoundrel!" muttered Rainbar.

"[illegible] is appalling!" Lucelia added in a whisper.

"I suppose he thought his fair words and forced smile would trick us into belief in his reliability."

"Reliability! He does not know the meaning of the word."

"We will never go in any boat of his."

"Never! I would as soon trust myself with a mad dog. We will refuse to have anything to do with him

She stopped short and shivered as she looked further

"But how can we help ourselves? They are four or more men, and what are we? They are undoubtedly well armed, and we have only a single revolver, and that none too large. How can we defy them—how protect ourselves? We are utterly helpless"

Rainbar was silent His courage had [illegible] been better, for the imminence of the peril aroused all of his combativeness, and he was not to be daunted when he had the lives of others to care for. Given a pair of revolvers, he would have fought the entire party with defiant readiness, but he knew that bare hands made poor weapons when opposed to firearms

"I think there will be no further move until night," he said, after careful thought. "Before that time comes we will retreat to some tiny point of land on the north shore. No boat can approach by water, because of that rushing current, and they can come at us only in front. In the darkness revolvers will be unreliable, and I'll have a club that will be a convincing argument"

"Splendidly planned!" Lucelia returned quickly, "and you will not be left to act alone. Annabel and I will not be drones. At close quarters I can use my revolver as well as those men. I'm no novice"

"During the day we will stick fast to our idea of the floats. I am more hopeful than you perhaps think that something will come of that little plan. The wind is in the east, so the water runs west. Our floats will go where we want them to, carrying the flags and the call for help We'll litter the lake with [illegible]"

"[illegible]en Annabel must aid us."

"[illegible] should be all hands, surely."

"[illegible] our dinner But can you eat?"

"[illegible] that I must, whether or not I [illegible] appetite. Yes, we'll eat heartily."

They entered the shack and found Annabel in a chair, deep in a faint. Lacking the courage of the others, she had succumbed at sight of Ling Fong at their door. The best of restoratives were lacking, but she was finally brought back to consciousness. She had her usual strength, but was so upset mentally that their troubles were added to by bringing her into condition where she was free from hysterics

This, and the dinner, occupied some time, but they were at the wreck as soon as possible and at work on the floats. No more was seen of the Spider or his men, and, tho it could not be doubted that they were aware of what was being done the labor went on briskly

Dry boards, weights and bits of cord were abundant enough, but Rainbar's task was difficult and soon painful His hands blistered with the use of the knife, but he held to the undertaking stubbornly and, one by one, the floats were sent adrift

Each one was so much of hope, but the fact always pressed upon them that many of the lot might be seen and yet ignored by boatmen, while it was certain that no large vessel would give heed to a little flag of crude material that drifted near it. The one hope was appealing, however, so they persevered. Meanwhile, Ling Fong was carefully discussed.

"Several flaws might be picked in what he said," Rainbar remarked.

"Yes. He is cunning in a way, but hardly convincing under any circumstances," Lucelia agreed "For instance, his assertion that they kept out of sight so long out of delicacy"

"[illegible]"

"[illegible]"

"Still, I don't understand why he delayed so long before coming"

"We never shall understand. Where do you think he would like to take us?"

"He must have a building somewhere else, on shore."

"Would it be safer for him than here?"

"As I look at it, this is his main hiding-place, and it has been so secure that he wants to keep it wholly to himself. If honest persons came here for any reason they would find us, and then we would talk. That would ruin the Spider's secrecy and compel him to leave."

"That is probably right. How early do you think his boat will come?"

"Do you believe that yarn about the homing pigeons?"

"Not in the least"

"The fact is, he has a boat here, but so well hidden that I did not, could not find it. It will be that boat to which he will invite us soon after nightfall."

Rainbar ceased work and was deeply thoughtful.

"It is remarkable where he keeps that boat. Believe me, I hunted long and carefully, wading in inlets and poking into recesses there, but no boat was to be seen.

"Well, you can't hunt again."

"No. More than that, we must end work here early and choose and arrange our refuge for the night. In a way it must be a fort, and it is our most pressing need."

This fact was not overlooked, and at the proper time they began the new venture. Search showed them a very small point of land that thrust itself out from the island, and as it was inaccessible on three sides and well wooded, it furnished the beginning. It bordered on the land less than fifteen feet, and yet had room to shelter the three imperiled castaways

It was added to by weaving pliable bushes for a roof at one point, and then a strip of canvas was used for an upper covering and made fast. This would protect them from possible rain and dew.

"Do you think," Lucelia asked, "that the Chinamen are ignorant of what we are doing?"

"[illegible]"

"They must be watching

"In a way, yes. It is safe to believe they know of the floats and feel small interest. They know, too, that we are making new quarters, but feel themselves so much masters of the situation that they need not give attention to all we do, so they probably keep only a superficial watch upon us"

"We were wise to bring our food first of all."

"Decidedly so. My only wonder is that they did not steal it while we were all at the wreck, but probably they wanted to reassure us if they could"

"Anyhow, everything proves that they do feel sure of us, as you just suggested"

"The wisest men make some slips When they come for us they will learn that. Notice my club! There is war in that length of solid wood."

Somewhat before dark all preparations were completed. Not the least of these was due to Annabel. Her desperation finally gave her courage and wit, and she gathered a quantity of small stones and piled them where she could conveniently pick up one after another and cast them at the enemy Strong as she naturally was, the idea could not be classed as useless

Rainbar saw night fall with gloomy forebodings he tried to keep to himself Granted that they could, by some unlikely chance, beat off the enemy, what would happen after that? They were penned up on a tiny bit of land, and would be unable to leave it. Food and water they had but otherwise their situation was desperate

Night came fully. Standing in an anxious group they waited for Ling Fong's next move

CHAPTER XIV

IN THAT painful wait two of the party were busy with thoughts that harassed them. Lucelia was more than ever regretful that she had kidnaped Rainbar and later had concealed the tools with which he might have made a raft to carry them from the island in safety. Rainbar, himself, was deep in considering the problems of the future, finding them so severe that his courage now and then flagged.

Granted that they could do the unbelievable act of beating th enemy off for the night, what were they to do afterward? Hemmed in on a little point of land, they could not make one move to better themselves. Just off the land the water flowed turbulently, leaping as it struck the many half-submerged rocks, causing an impassable channel, and the Spider and his men were on the land side. Where was hope to be found?

[illegible] it was a relief that hostile [illegible] were not long delayed. Steps sounded, and the short figure of the Spider appeared in the darkness. Rainbar had expected him to come at once to angry threats and violence, but, back of his rude exterior, Ling Fong had cunning, and, halting a few feet away, his voice came with the softness he was capable of giving it when he desired.

"Good evening!" was his bland beginning.

"Good evening!"

Rainbar was so surprised that he unconsciously returned the commonplace, so the greeting was quiet enough

"My lookout," the Spider proceeded, "has just reported that he can see the rescue boat in the offing, so we shall all soon be gone from here"

"We have decided not to trouble you," Rainbar curtly answered.

"Oh, it will not be a trouble."

"Nevertheless, we are not going in your boat."

"Then why have you carried all your belongings to the water, as if making ready? Never mind that, for you have overlooked the fact that boating is not good at this point. We start from elsewhere. While there is no special haste, pray pick up what you want to carry with you. We start soon."

"My friends and myself are not going."

"Youth is always overmodest. Thank you for thinking of these things, but they do not matter to me. Pack your bundles, if any, and we will come for you in a few minutes"

"Ling Fong, let us understand each other full[illegible]"

"[illegible]hat is best."

"We have given ample thought to your offer of this afternoon and——"

Rash words trembled on his lips, but Lucelia pressed his arm warningly, and he remembered that it would be folly to anger the Spider unnecessarily.

"And," he resumed, after a pause, "we can't see our way clear to disappoint our own friends who will soon be here to take us away."

"I suppose they will feel disappointed when they come, but you must think of yourselves first of all——"

"Just what we are doing"

"That is wise Now, I'll give you ten minutes to complete your preparations At the end of that time I will come with my men and help you away.

With this he turned and receded from the refuge.

"I tell you [illegible]"

"All minor points can be discussed when we are in the boat

With this remark Ling Fong waved his hand and disappeared behind the wayside bushes

"[illegible] more, Mr. Rainbar!" Lucelia [illegible] "Don't stir his temper up, for [illegible]e us a chance for life. Per[illegible]an, that man! He is [illegible]usly called him, a monstrosity. He would not accept your refusal to go in the way it was intended, but twisted everything in a sort of fiendish good humor. Did you hear him chuckle twice? I did. Oh! His brain is warped and his jests are a crime He [illegible] with us, and—what can we do?"

"[illegible]"

"But they are so many"

"If Ling Fong leads them in the attack he will die right here"

"And others with him" added Annabel, sturdy with the courage of desperation

"I have half a mind to try a scheme that may be mad," said Rainbar slowly.

"What is it?"

"Naturally, they believe we have located here to make a last stand, so they will not expect us to go elsewhere. Now, when the Spider comes to attack he will certainly not bring all his men. Somebody must watch his boat during the attention to us. Can we slip away, hasten along the shore until we find that watcher—Ling Fong can spare but one—and then overcome him and ourselves secure the boat and get away?"

"The Spider will give us no chance to leave here."

"If we succeed, the boldness of it will be what will win."

Lucelia did some quick thinking

"Why not?" she finally murmured. "Brave as we have tried to be we can't blind ourselves to the fact that numbers are so horribly against us that final defeat is certain, and that man's remark that he would soon come to 'help' us away was only one of his ghastly jests. He will come to attack us with revolvers and——"

She halted, and then her voice sounded with new clearness.

"Try it!" she exclaimed. "Take the one chance. Try it! And now!"

"Come!"

Rainbar seized a small quantity of the food, thrust it into his pockets, and started for the refuge. Turning to the right—just the way that fugitives would naturally not turn except when playing a bold hand—he led along the shore with quick steps. Lucelia and Annabel followed. All went in total silence, for the need of this was apparent.

They were about to pass near the

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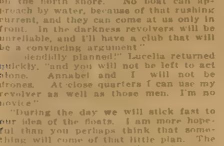

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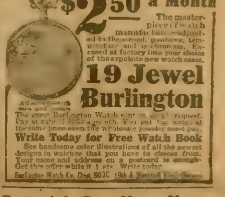

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enemy. Darkness was there, the boiling waters off the shore splashed as they struck the rocks, and on the other side were the woods that, on the north, soon fell away into swamp. Fortunately there was cover enough to hide them from an observer unless he was close beside them, but no tangle to impede their progress.

Minutes passed and anxiety made the west shore seem farther away than it was. Rainbar was looking for the bend that marked the turning, when sounds and motion brought him to a halt. He saw men advancing, and their shape, as revealed by their clothes, told a plain story. They were the Chinamen.

CHAPTER XV.

THE fugitives stood still, and Rainbar saw that the men would pass at a safe distance. He counted anxiously. Two of number, they made up nearly half of the gang, and the squat shape of Ling Fong was not there. He drew a deep breath and, when they receded, going east, he whispered exultantly to Lucelia and Annabel.

"There will not be more than two men to deal with when we find the boat, and I guarantee that they will not stop us."

He heard Lucelia murmur a prayer of thanks, but led on again without further words. Encouraged by the situation, they used less care now, and when the way was clear, often broke into a run. The curve of the shore was reached and passed, and the west side of the island lay before them. In places, he knew, it had no wooded growth.

"We have only to find the boat now," he said hopefully.

With the last words came a thought that, in the danger and confusion, had not occurred to him before. What if the Chinamen had deferred taking the boat from its secret place until they had the prisoners there? A possibility was presented that, in this time of hope, was staggering. Without the boat they would be far worse off than in the latest refuge.

It was a matter not to be mentioned to others, and he hastened along at renewed speed. Now, too, he began to watch for the craft and a guard, and as he passed each cluster of bushes he scanned the shore ahead with keen, anxious attention.

He had just noticed with concern that there was heavy breathing from his overtaxed companions, when another obstruction was passed, and he had a view of something wholly unexpected. Dimly seen in the vague light a boat rocked by the edge of the land, and, nearer yet, two men were in a grapple, savagely fighting.

There was time for but one thought—one of the two must be a friend, or one that could be made a friend. Springing forward he saw that the nearer fellow was a Chinaman, and he flung his arms around him and dragged viciously. Thus assailed, the Celestial went down with two enemies on top of him.

"Tie him with the ropes yonder!" came in good English from the unknown ally. "I'll hold my hand over his mouth until we can gag him."

It was Lucelia's quick eyes that first discovered the ropes on the ground, and her deft fingers that handed them to Rainbar. In a short time the Chinaman was bound and gagged.

"The boat is here," continued the stranger. "It will hold all of us, and its sail is stout. Are you the persons who have been living in the shanty?"

"Yes."

"Good! I thought I had got to go for you. Into the boat, everybody. If Ling Fong gets here before we are off we shall fare hard. Get aboard!"

Nobody could afterward tell exactly how it was done, but in some manner all embarked, and the boat was soon equipped with her sail at the mast and standing away from the island. The fugitives were just beyond revolver shot when men broke from the cover of the trees and ran toward the water.

The stranger laughed discordantly.

"Good-by, Ling Fong!" he called tauntingly.

There was no word from the shore, and the boat added other fathoms to the intervening distance, but it was not until a full minute later that Rainbar bethought himself to look critically at the man who had become his ally at such a singular time and so opportunely. Immediately he was impressed by the fact that the man had hair and beard of unusual length, and it suggested a possibility he found it hard to credit.

"May I ask where you came from?" he inquired bluntly.

"From that island!" the stranger returned bitterly. "I've been Ling Fong's slave for ten months."

"You have been there——"

"Yes, I'm the man who walked on all fours. One of your women saw me lately and was scared out of her wits, and possibly the rest of you have seen me. I early knew of your presence there, and I'd have communicated with you but for the fact that my captors watched me too closely after you came. My name is Lander. Ling Fong nabbed me ten months ago."

There was an air of fierce resentment in his speech, and he only paused briefly before adding words even more forcible.

"This is the Chinaman's only boat, and he can't get away from Upper Crusoe. He is mine to punish. I'll have officers there in a few hours. That scoundrel shall suffer as I've suffered."

"We have seen you at a distance, but not so we could even tell that you were a white man," Rainbar explained.

"It's a wonder I'm anything but a clod. You see we are making good time now, for the wind just suits the sail. I can steer and talk, and I admit I want to talk to civilized beings."

He swept a keener glance at boat and water, nodded satisfaction, and resumed.

"Ten months ago I was crossing the lake in a rowboat on a harmless errand. A squall came up, I could not control my craft, and was cast away on the island, which I then supposed was the Canadian shore. I stumbled upon Ling Fong and his men, was beaten nearly to death, but finally my life was spared. They made me their slave, their cook and general laborer."

He paused to laugh harshly.

"I won't compel you to hear now what was heaped upon me. I was wholly in their power. Their leader had a hideous sense of so-called humor, and often compelled me to walk on my hands and feet when in his presence, to show how superior he was to me. Perhaps that fact ultimately saved my life. When I came here I carried a harmless badge they could not understand. It seemed that, at first they were stirred to fury by it, thinking me an officer. Later, they had returns of the same fear, and I felt that life was very uncertain."

He stopped again, sighed and resumed.

"For self-protection I pretended to have partly lost my reason, and much of the time, even when outside their cabin, I walked on all fours. The device worked. Believing that a demented man would never do them harm, they lost their suspicion, and I was more free from the danger of death.

"I studied every chance of escape and found none. Their boat was so well hidden that I could not locate it, and I've never found any tools with which to make a raft. I was a helpless prisoner, long of hair and beard and ragged of clothes. Ling Fong was a devil.

"As I've said, I haven't dared to come to you since you were wrecked, but you would have seen me tonight, for this afternoon I discovered their boat. It was hidden in a nook by the waterside, probably largely artificial, but under the upper soil was a frame work of timbers so that, when the boat was there, it was hoisted and hung aloft. I've been in that nook before, never suspecting that the boat was in the total darkness over my head as I searched.

"It was a device of Ling Fong's, who is full of ingenuity. I've gathered from their random talk that, in case officers came to the island, they could even sink their cabin into the earth so that no sign of it could be found. Its roof is of earth, sprinkled with pine needles. Just what their excavation for it was and how they could arrange things at the surface, after sinking it, I don't know, but the eaves projected largely [illegible] appear when it was sunk. [illegible] genious man is that Ling Fong.

"Well, that's all for now, except that maybe it was lucky for us all that you happened along when I was fighting that Chinaman. He had taken the boat out a little before I intended to do the same act. I saw him, attacked him, and was busy when you came upon the scene. Between us we whipped him well. I don't know what Ling Fong intended to do with you, but you're lucky to be free from him."

"You have spoken of a badge," said Lucelia, eagerly. "What was it like?"

"It was silver, oblong in shape, with a Greek cross as a raised device, and the letters 'L. C. U. E. W.' engraved on it. They mean, 'League of Canadian Unity, East and West.' Certain persons have a scheme for preventing political campaigns by means of conferences by the wisest men of all present parties, they to settle all questions of public interest and policy. The plan is too visionary to succeed, for voters like the expense, controversy and bitterness of elections, but I was merely a well-paid minor worker, so I willingly wore the badge and drew my pay. I need hardly say the whole scheme is honest. Still, that badge nearly cost me my life on the island."

Just then something touched Lucelia's hand as it rested lightly on the gunwale. Looking, she saw that one of the floats calling for help was there, its flag nodding as the board rocked, and, smiling happily, she drew it into the boat. Preserved, it would be a memento of their struggle to summon aid when it was so much needed.

All the while Lander talked he was steering the boat skilfully, and they were drawing away from Upper Crusoe, which had long before become invisible. They could vaguely understand what a pleasure it was to him to talk after his long hardships, and appreciate his renewed statement that he would soon have officers at the island to seize the gang.

His just implacability gave Lucelia an idea, and she touched Rainbar's arm in the old way.

"Can you forgive me for kidnaping you?" she whispered.

"Fully, fully!" he returned quickly.

"But I was dreadful!"

"It may be news to you," he murmured, "but I am perfectly reconciled to having been kidnaped!"

* * * * *

The arrival at the city, the dispatch of a police boat to Upper Crusoe, the arrest of Ling Fong and his men, and their ultimate trial and conviction for many crimes, followed one after another. After that the "killer of Ontario" was heard of no more.

Before they were disposed of Lucelia's father was cleared of all blame. Detective work had fastened the forgery upon another man, and he alone suffered at law and in reputation.

The schooner Wide Awake was lost in the squall, having driven on shore and gone to pieces, her crew being so badly injured and the place so unfrequented that steps were long delayed in getting news of the disaster to those who might, if aware of it, have started in search of the other castaways.

Some months afterward Lucelia became Rainbar's wife, but tho they often take pleasure sails on Ontario, she has always refused to land on Upper Crusoe.

The End.

Had Nothing.

It was nearing dinner time, and a factory worker told his boy helper to take his dinner down to the watch house and put it in the oven to warm.

The lad, unfortunately, let the dinner fall in the mill yard, nothing being saved only the dish which contained it.

Fearful of the consequences, he walked gingerly back to the workman, meanwhile carrying the dish behind his back.

The man, noticing the boy's woebegone and dejected appearance, said to him:

"What's ailing thee, lad?"

"N-nothing," he stammered.

"Oh," said the worker, sacastically, "that's a new complaint. Where hosta getten it—in the head?"

"No-no," replied the boy, nervously, "I've got it in your dinner dish!"

* * *

She Was Sure of It.

There is an old lady living in a small town in southern Pennsylvania who makes great efforts to keep abreast of the times. Her opportunities, however, are circumscribed, and she is sometimes compelled to resort to her imagination. She went to a church sociable lately, and as she entered the room one of the attendants said:

"Good evening, auntie. I am glad you came. We are going to have tableaux this evening."

"Yes, I know," replied the old lady. "I smelt 'em when I first came in."

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Mrs. M. A. LINK, Preston, writes: "Have lost 35 or more pounds. My kidneys seem to be much better, as I do not bloat nearly so bad."

Mrs. WM. H. MART, Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "You talk about a happy woman, that is [illegible] I could hardly walk a step. I could not sleep nights. I [illegible] your treatment for my good health. I weighed 260 pounds. I now weigh 200 and am still losing."

Mrs. GEORGE KYLE, Junction City, writes: "I have reduced 30 pounds. I can go upstairs much easier than I could before. I will gladly recommend your treatment."

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"Gone! Gone! Gone!" he shrieked again and yet again.

"What's the matter? Cashier eloped with your money?"

"Wife run away?"

"Lost a child?"

"No, no, no! But it's gone."

Fifty-seven people held their breath, and then asked as one: "What's gone?"

The excited individual became suddenly calm.

"Yesterday has gone, my friends," he said, with a glad smile, "and today is going. You may die tomorrow or today. Now, without loss of time, you should take out a policy of life insurance with my firm, the——"

Then seven and fifty strong men seized him and bore him to the nearest horse trough.

The Explanation.

Senator Gore of Oklahoma, while addressing a convention in Oklahoma City recently, told this story, illustrating a point he made:

"A Northern gentleman was being entertained by a Southern colonel on a fishing trip. It was his first visit to the South, and the mosquitoes were so bothersome that he was unable to sleep, while at the same time he could hear his friend snoring audibly.

"The next morning he approached the old fellow who was doing the cooking.

"'Jim,' he said, 'how is it the Colonel is able to sleep so soundly with so many mosquitoes around?'"

"'I'll tell you boss,' the cook replied, 'de fust part of de night de Kernel is too full to pay any 'tenshun to de skeeters, and de last part of the night de skeeters is too full to pay any 'tenshun to de Kernel.'"

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500 N. Dearborn St. CHICAGO, ILL.

SALESMEN WANTED

TRAVELING SALESMEN WANTED—EXperience unnecessary. Earn big pay while you learn at home during spare time. Only eight weeks' time required. Steady positions, easy work. Hundreds of good positions open. Write today for free book, "A Knight of the Grip" and testimonials from hundreds of students we have placed in positions paying $100 to $500 per month. Address Dept. B-87. National Salesmen Training Association, Chicago, New York, San Francisco

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR INstead of a dollar a day. Sell Mendets, the famous patent patch for instantly mending leaks in graniteware, tin, brass, copper utensils and rubber goods without heat, solder, cement or rivet. Sample package and handsome catalogue of fast selling specialties free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707 B, Amsterdam, New York.

AGENTS—SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED 36x68 rugs. $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 116 in 4 days. Profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid, 98c. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $200.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories," home anywhere Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

GET DAVIS' LATEST PROPOSITION, BEST one yet. $15.00 daily a cinch. No matter how many times you have answered my advertisements in the last 20 years, write again. First come—first served. Davis, Dept. 505, [illegible] Lake St., Chicago.

BIG PAY—AGENTS NOT EARNING $100 monthly should write the largest manufacturers of transparent handled knives and razors in the world. We will show you how. Novelty Cutlery Co., 123 Bar St., Canton, O.

AGENTS — COOPER MADE $314 LAST month, $91 last week, selling "Kantleak" Raincoats. New proposition. We deliver and collect. Sample coat free. Comer Mfg. Co., 4 Card St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—500% PROFIT; GOLD AND SILver sign letters for store and office windows. Any one can put on. Write today for free sample. Metallic Letter Co., 416 N Clark, Chicago.

PORTRAIT AGENTS SEND FOR OUR large catalog. 16x20 frames 14c up. Portraits at 35c. Samples free. Credit given. Address Friedman Mfg. Co., Box 120, Martinsburg, Mo

1916's SENSATION! 11-PIECE TOILET ARticle set selling like blazes at $1, with $1 carving set free! Whirlwind stunt! Newcome made $18 one day! Write M. Pierce Co., 906 Lake St., Chicago.

LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS REPREsentatives to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 586 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS WANTED—TO ADVERTISE OUR goods by distributing free sample to consumer. 90 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. Thomas Mfg. Co., 611 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. [illegible] Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. Greatest dry goods bargains on earth Agents and store keepers supplied

HELP WANTED

CHIROPRACTIC DOCTORS MAKE LARGE incomes; our graduates earn $3,000 to $6,000 yearly; be independent; work for yourself; this big paying profession easily learned by correspondence. special rates now; illustrated book free. American University, Dept. 313, 162 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

MEN, WOMEN, WANTED EVERYWHERE. U. S. Government jobs. $75.00 to $150.00 month. Vacations. Common education sufficient. Write immediately for free list of positions now obtainable. Franklin Institute, Dep't M 30 Rochester, N. Y.

LADY OR GENTLEMAN TO TRAVEL FOR old-established firm No canvassing. Staple line. $18. weekly, pursuant to contract. Expenses advanced. G. K. Nichols, Philadelphia, Pa., Pepper Bldg

$250 FOR RELIABLE MAN OR WOMAN, distribute 2,000 free pkgs. Borax Powder with Soaps, etc., in your town. No money or experience needed. B. W. Ward Co., 218 Institute, Chicago.

BECOME CHAUFFEURS. $18 WEEK. Learn while earning Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dep't. M 810, Rochester, N. Y.

WE PAY 25c EACH FOR FARMERS' names. Send dime for contract. Sun, Leroy, Mich.

MALE HELP WANTED

NO STRIKE; HONEST, SOBER MEN EVerywhere for firemen, brakemen, baggagemen. $120 monthly Promotion. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

BOYS WHO WANT TO BECOME BASEBALL [illegible] valuable free information American-National Baseball Syndicate. Dept. P, St. Louis.

I WILL START YOU EARNING $4 DAILY at home, silvering mirrors; free instructive booklet. G. F. Redmond, Dept. 400, Boston, Mass.

BE AN AUTOMOBILE EXPERT IN SIX weeks. Our big book tells you how. Automobile Training School, 1052 Locust St., Kansas City, Mo.

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THORough instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

WANT TO BE U. S. GOVERNMENT OFfice holder for life at splendid salary? Big booklet FY 1043 explains fully. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

WANTED—RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS; $75.00 month. Sample examination questions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. M 170, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. EARN FROM $150.00 to $300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 330 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

FEMALE HELP WANTED

FREE TO ANY WOMAN, BEAUTIFUL 42-piece gold decorated dinner set for distributing only 3 doz. free cakes of Complexion Soap. No money or experience needed. B. W. Tyrrell Ward, 218 Institute Place, Chicago.

LADIES. MAKE APRONS AT HOME. Material sent prepaid. No canvassing. Send 10 cents (silver) for pattern and particulars. Wells Company, B-438, Fort Madison, Iowa.

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $25 to $50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb.

LADIES—MAKE SHIELDS AT HOME, $10 per 100; no canvassing required. Send stamped addressed envelope for particulars. Eureka Co., Dept. 17, Kalamazoo, Mich.

WOMEN TO SEW; MATERIAL PREPAID to your house. Plain sewing No canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Phila., Pa.

FOR SALE

GINSENG AND GOLDEN SEAL MAKE BIG money on small plot of ground. Booklet, 10c, telling all about it. The Rising Sun Ginseng Nursery, Box M, Narrows, Ky.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES, ETC.

SEND US YOUR IDEAS FOR PHOTOPLAYS, Stories, etc. We accept them in any form —correct Free—sell on commission. Big rewards! Make money. Get details now. Writer's Selling Service, 10 S. Main, Auburn, N. Y.

SONG POEMS

SONG WRITERS' "KEY TO SUCCESS" free! We compose and facilitate free publication or sale. Submit poems. Knickerbocker Studios, 521 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

OLD COINS WANTED

WILL PAY $3.00 TO $10.00 FOR FLYING Eagle cent dated 1856. We pay cash premiums on all rare dimes, quarters, etc., and all rare coins to 1912. Thousands of coins and bills wanted. Send 4c for our Large Illustrated Coin Circular. May mean large profits to you. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

$50.00—NIGHTLY—START IN THE MOVing Picture business on our installment plan. No experience necessary. Free catalog. Moving Picture Sales Company, Dept. A, 540 Plymouth Place, Chicago.

$25.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY. SMALL CAPITAL starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog Free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., Franklin Bldg., Chicago.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS, SHORT STORIES, poems; $100 each. No correspondence course. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 344, Cincinnati.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—INVENTIONS, STORIES, SONGS, poems. Highest remuneration. Inventors' [illegible] 501 Lake, Chicago.

ROOTS, HERBS, ETC.

CASH PAID FOR MEDICINAL ROOTS, [illegible], herbs, etc. Easily gathered. Write for circular. Grundo Co., Logan Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

REAL ESTATE

A SMALL FARM IN CALIFORNIA WILL make you more money with less work. You will live longer and better. Delightful climate. Rich soil. Hospitable neighbors. Good roads, schools and churches. Write for our San Joaquin Valley illustrated folders free. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agt., AT&SF Ry., 1931 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

FARMS AND FARM LANDS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE—$5.00 MONTHLY buys 40 acres good land, South Missouri. Price $200.00. Box 425-S, Carthage, Mo.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

OIL! OIL!! OIL!!! BALD HILL OIL gushers of Oklahoma are making fortunes for small investors. $5 starts you owning land in our tract, with profit-sharing contract in all wells drilled on it. No stock to sell. We deed you the land and drill for your benefit. Here's your life opportunity. Put wasted money monthly in oil that has made many multimillionaires. Full details free. Write today. Oklahoma Oil Wells Co., 385, Stewart Bldg., Houston, Texas.

$10 INVESTED—PROFITS $300 FROM OIL actually made for small investors in Humble field where gusher wells pay thousands daily; we have valuable leases, we want to drill ten wells. Expect to start drilling soon. Wonderful opportunity. Limited number of shares $10, payments $1 monthly if desired. Write for maps and co-operative plan. Houston Oil Fields Association, 1126 Carter Bldg., Houston, Texas.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS. MAKE $25.00 TO $50.00 a week with a Daydark Post Card Machine. Work at fairs, picnics, home, everywhere. No experience needed. Make money the day outfit arrives. Small investment. 500% profits. Write free trial offer and big catalog. Daydark Specialty Co., Desk 43, St. Louis, Mo.

OIL. $10 INVESTED WITH US HAS MADE others $300 in less than six months. Let us send you our magazine, "Profitable Investments," six months free, which tells how to make your money make you independent. The Hoffman Company, 407 Fannin Street, Houston, Texas.

$20 MAY MAKE YOU $2,000. $2 CASH, $2 monthly; you get deed to land and share profits co-operative wells to be drilled in the great Humble oil field and High Island. Adey-Johnston Company, Inc., 937 Hibernia Bldg., New Orleans, Louisiana

700 RELIABLE MAIL ORDER BUYERS' names and addresses, taken from actual orders, from all parts U. S. during May, 1916. Only $1.00. (Guaranteed.) Reliable Mailing Directory, Addison, N. Y

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MEN AND WOMEN—$3.00 DAILY; SPARE time at home, no canvassing. success guaranteed. Write today. Hiram Barton, 314 West 48 St., New York

WE WILL START YOU IN THE CLEANING and dyeing business; little capital needed; big profits. Write for booklet Ben-Vonde System, Dept. 3, Charlotte, N. C.

LEAF TOBACCO

KENTUCKY'S BEST NATURAL LEAF TObacco, chewing or smoking, parcel post prepaid, 4 lbs. $1.00; 10 lbs. $2.00. S. Rosenblatt, Hawesville, Ky

PATENTS

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Actual search and patentability report free. Send sketches and description, or model, of your invention. My patent sales service gets full value. 1916 Edition ninety-page patent book free. George P. Kimmel, 260 Barrister Building, Washington, D. C.

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED promptly, 104 pg. Blue Book free. Trademarks registered. Robb & Robb, 248-252 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS ON SQUARE DEAL FEE PLAN. Milo B. Stevens & Co., 637 F St., Washington; 357 Monadnock Blk., Chicago. Established 1864.

CLAM SHELLS WANTED

MEN MAKE $10.00 A DAY GETTING CLAM shells for us. Particulars free. Calhoun Co., Sturgis, Mich.

PERSONAL

MARRY A RICH LADY. WOULD YOU marry a real nice lady who could greatly aid you financially? If so, then I dare you to answer this today, as I will gladly introduce any worthy man to hundreds of ladies desiring marriage, ages eighteen to sixty, who claim to be worth from $1,000 to $25,000 and upwards. More particulars, including hundreds of descriptions of ladies with many nice, large, beautiful photos sent free to any man who answers within ten days (No gen-[illegible]) Kindly enclose postage. Address 'Sincere,' [illegible] Valley, Neb. This notice is genuine and will stand fullest investigation

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

GUARANTEED! MONSIEUR CARTIER says, I defy superfluous hair. Why be embarrassed when one application will do the work? Guaranteed to not color or blister the most delicate skin. Enclose $1.00 for large-size jar. Monsieur Cartier & Co., 191 Park Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE THE SPECIAList will obtain his latest book on symptoms and cure of varicocele, stricture and urinary diseases. Every man should have it; postage 4 cts. Send today. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

LET ME READ YOUR CHARACTER FROM your handwriting. Mind you get a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 10c. Money back if dissatisfied. H. G. Beauchamp, 2583 8th Ave., New York City.

LOVERS, SEND ONLY 20 CENTS, FOR $1.75 packages Patented Lovina Sachet. Real thing. Guaranteed. Never fails. Union, Box 100, Palatine, Ill.

LADIES, STOP WORRYING, SURE, SAFE. Harmless tablets. $1.00 prepaid. Plain Wrapper, Michigan Remedy Co., 17 Kendall Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRY RICH—BIG LIST OF DESCRIPtions and photos of congenial people with means FREE. Sealed. Either sex. Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Illinois.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED; LARGE, HANDSOMELY illustrated matrimonial magazine mailed free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

FORTY-EIGHT HIGH-KICKING GIRLS. Sensational Dancing, Etc., 10c. R. Glass, 214-G. Latrobe, Pa.

WIDOW, 27, WORTH $40,000, WOULD MARry. K. Box 584, Messenger, Los Angeles, Calif.

FUTURE AND PAST TOLD. SEND 10c and birth date. James Smith, 326 Madison St. Chicago.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Mailed free. The Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

"LOVERS' PERFUME POWDER." SECRET and full directions, one dime. Scientific Extract Co., Akron, Ohio.

MARRIAGE PAPER—HIGHEST CHARACter, sealed; send 10c. R. W. Love, Box 1018, Denver, Colo.

LADIES TAKE COTTON ROOT TABLETS monthly regulator, $1.00. Radium Mfg. Co., K, St. Louis, Mo.

"A NIGHT IN MOORISH HAREM." INTEResting moral story. 10c. Pendergast A, Terre Haute, Ind.

"FRENCH SECRETS" (FOR MEN) AND other interesting literature. 10c. Pendergast (A-[illegible]), Terre Haute, Indiana

"FROM BALL ROOM TO HELL." SENSAtional but moral story. 25c. Pendergast, Terre Haute, Indiana.

10,000 MEMBERS WISH TO CORRESPOND with you. Membership 10c. Curtis Club, Terre Haute, Indiana.

HAVE SWEETHEARTS EVERYWHERE. Receive letters from every place. Membership 10c. Hoosier Club, Terre Haute, Indiana.

MEN, PRETTY BATHING GIRL POSTALS 10c. secret for men, S. A. McDonald, Peru, Indiana.

SANITO COTS, PURE RUBBER, THREE sizes, one for 25c, 3-50c, 7-$1.00. Bliss Rex Specialty Co., Kalamazoo, Mich

FUTURE TOLD—10c BIRTHDATE. FLORence Edwards, 305 S. La Salle St., Dept. A III, Chicago.

"I'M READY," FASCINATING PICTURE 3x5; kind men like. Sealed. (10c silver.) L. Jewitt, Yates Center, Kansas.

"SHE," DANDY BOOK, 25c. FOUR NIFTY poses, 10c. Catalog, 2c. Duff, 2713 Mozart, Chicago.

MARRY. WOULD YOU MARRY A NICE lady worth $20,000? Mrs. Warn, 243 N. Coronado St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Chicago Ledger

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BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For display, $2.50 each Agate Line; for Classified, 30 cents a word, per insertion for 1,250,000 circulation in the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

1,250,000
COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

A bride always thinks her husband clever because he married her.

A bachelor says a wife is either a man's better half or his bitter half.

Speculation sounds more refined than gambling, but a fellow loses equally.

There are more ways of deserving punishment than there are of escaping it.

But a woman can keep a secret all right—if it's something that is to her discredit.

When a man carries his wife's picture in his watchcase he can shut her up occasionally.

Sometimes the man who poses as an intellectual giant is merely the possessor of a good memory.

It is usually the bold and reckless swimmer who is drowned—especially in the sea of matrimony.

From a mother's point of view it is always the sins of the father that are visited on the children.

The man who isn't capable of winning the love of at least one woman made a mistake in getting born.

There may be such a thing in the world as pure unselfishness, but nobody seems to be able to locate it.

You may buy friends with borrowed money, but they seldom lend you cash to pay back what you borrowed.

If a self-made man says he is ashamed of his job he is a pretty fair specimen of what David said all men were.

A woman is always telling a man that she can't understand a lot of things that she knows more about than he does.

Before marriage a man considers his best girl a little dear; after marriage he is apt to consider her extravagant

A man always gets what is coming to him; if he doesn't go after it some one is sure to see that it is thrust upon him.

If a young man is in doubt as to the propriety of kissing a pretty girl he should at least give her the benefit of the doubt.

A Texas girl recently horsewhipped a man who failed to show up on the day they were to be married. That chap had a lucky escape.

A regular woman is always glad when her husband has a holiday, so that he can put in about eighteen hours doing odd jobs at home.

The secret of a doctor's success lies in knowing how long he can keep a wealthy patient alive without disgusting him with the mode of treatment.

After a girl hypnotizes a young man into buying her a solitaire she begins to [illegible]der what she could do with some [illegible] it were not too late.

Home and Health

FASHION NOTES.

Appliqued linen with colored silks in the form of flowers and leaves on dark silk is a departure from previous trimming styles

Light gray, if one can wear it becomingly, is one of the best selections in the way of color Some trim it with white, others with black, while for more dressy purposes, rose is an excellent relieving color.

Contrasting facings in skirts are much in vogue, particularly on the draped skirt. They match the coat lining in the case of a suit and may be of polka-dotted plaid, striped or plaid silk of a bright color.

While the street coat is usually marked by simplicity of style, no such limitations govern those that are destined for afternoon and more dressy wear. Some of the newest are originated in bright-colored silks, and are collared and cuffed with quaint ruchings and plaitings that are exceedingly picturesque

The neck line is like the waist line, no longer a stationary thing. From Paris comes a high collar of black taffeta tied in the back with a flaring bow and falling over it a circular collar of white organdy—the whole a smart little conceit which is especially becoming to the tall, slender woman High collars are not easy to wear, but they are smart.

White net is being used for lingerie dresses this season. The washable white net is selected, and when the pretty frock is soiled it may be sent to the laundry along with white dimity and lawn costumes. These white net dresses are rather simply made, with ruffled skirts, or full, gathered skirts tucked in groups. Shirrings are lovely in net, but they do not launder very satisfactorily. Neither do net plaitings. So it is best to use narrow white lace or frilled footing as a trimming on bodice and sleeves.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

An effective bedspread can be made from coarse unbleached sheeting. A conventional or any other design is worked on it in French knots with heavy cotton. The sides are finished with a cotton fringe and the finished spread is a thing of beauty.

There seems to be an endless variety of uses to which filet crochet can be applied. A large square of this crochet could be made into a very charming boudoir cap. A square with a rose pattern would be very pretty, altho the extremely conventional designs are equally good. The square should be made with fifty or sixty cordonnet, as it will be more attractive if the mesh is not too near to the edge of the square, or it can merely be finished with two rows of the plain mesh. When making this cap a casing is stitched around the inside of the square forming a circle by eliminating the corners. An elastic is run thru the casing; then the corners are wired with fine millinery wire, so as to make them stand out. The front and back corners are slightly rolled over the crown. The points of the corners at each side are turned back The effect is very much the same as a Normandy cap, but, being made of filet crochet, it is very quaint and unusual.

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HEALTH NOTES.

A doctor is quoted as saying that a handful of peanuts eaten before retiring will quiet the nerves of the stomach. The same authority also claims that a few peanuts eaten after each meal will aid the digestion, provided they are freshly roasted.

A quick mustard plaster may be made from a large slice of bread with edges trimmed, and thickly sprinkled with ground mustard. Over this spread a thin muslin cloth saturated with vinegar and wrung out. The vinegar prevents a blister.

A frequent footbath is not only soothing and refreshing but is beneficial to the health of the feet and that of the entire system. The foot is an excretory center and by keeping the pores clear and free the waste matter of the system is removed. A good footbath for nightly use is composed of water as hot as it can be borne in which a little powdered boracic acid has been dissolved. Let the feet soak for five minutes, wash them off in cooler water and finish with a good brisk rubbing of cold cream.

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RECIPES.

MACARONI CHEESE.—Break three ounces of macaroni—noodles or spaghetti answers equally well—into small pieces, boil in rapidly boiling salted water; when tender drain off the water and add half a pint of milk; cook slowly till the macaroni has absorbed most of the milk. To half a pint of thick white sauce add two ounces of grated cheese and mix with the macaroni, last of all add two well-beaten eggs. Butter a plain border mold, sprinkle it with browned bread crumbs and pour in the [illegible]ture; steam gently for about half an hour, turn out and fill the center with stewed tomatoes and mushrooms.

CORN CHOWDER.—One can corn four large potatoes, two onions, one-half pound bacon or ham, one tablespoon butter, three tablespoons flour, one pint milk, six crackers, one egg yolk, one-half pint boiling water. Cut potatoes and onions into dice and put in frying pan until nicely browned. Put in kettle and simmer twenty minutes. Add milk Rub butter and flour together and stir into boiling chowder. Add crackers and beaten egg and serve piping hot

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FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

If bamboo furniture is inclined to crack, mix equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine and rub it on the furniture with a soft rag

Potatoes baked in their skins, will always come out dry and mealy if a small piece be cut off one end to allow the steam of the potato to escape in the cooking.

Tar may be removed from the hands by rubbing with the outside of fresh orange or lemon peel and drying immediately. The volatile oils dissolve tar so that is can be rubbed off

The tough ends of steaks are a problem with housekeepers. Here is one way of saving them: Chop rather coarsely, cook in a little butter, dredge with flour and seasoning and cream. When hot serve with baked potatoes

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SOUND SLEEP.

Many men and women, especially those past their first youth, find difficulty in procuring the sound, restful sleep so necessary to keep mind and body fit. Altho physically the body is tired out, the brain is as alert as ever, and perfect oblivion is impossible

A well-known physician, says London Tit Bits, gives some interesting advice on the matter. "Insomnia," he states, "is one of the penalties of the increasing strain modern life throws upon our brains The man who works with his muscles and lives in the open air is rarely a victim of sleeplessness

"The essentials for a good night's rest are mental repose, a requisite amount of muscular fatigue, comfortable body heat and plenty of ventilation.

'The most difficult to secure is lessened brain activity. An excellent plan is to take a brisk half-hour's walk just before bedtime, followed by a hot bath and a rubdown, and then a cup of warm milk and a biscuit or two as one gets into bed

"If, in addition, the mind be focused on some pleasant but not exciting topic, a night's rest is assured to all but the most chronic sufferer

"The type in which the sleeper suddenly awakes an hour or so after having fallen asleep usually means that more outdoor muscular exercise is required."

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WOMAN'S LIFE IN PERSIA.

Should the women of Persia ever get a vote, they will doubtless see to it that the lot of their sex is considerably improved, for at the present time they are regarded as nonentities, says an exchange.

A husband in Persia never speaks of his wife to his acquaintances and, if obliged to mention her, it is by some other term than wife, as "mother of my son" or "my house" She must not exist for any one but her husband and from all others she must be hidden—nonexisting

For this reason when the harems of governors or very high personages pass thru the streets of Persia, the men whom they meet either turn their backs or slip down a street or into some convenient doorway

On passing a European, if sure that none of her coreligionists sees her, a woman, particularly if she be young and good-looking, will often raise her veil, from under which a pair of dark eyes follow the stranger with a curious gaze

Maidens wishing to get married visit the tomb of some sacred woman. There are many such tombs, and most of them are considered as the patrons of virgins Marriages are contracted very early. Sometimes, owing to family reasons, one hears of a youth of 15 or 16 married to a girl much older. The marriageable age for a girl is fixed at 9.

■

A Mean Man.

Wife (at breakfast)—"Could I have a little money for shopping, dear?"

Hub—"Certainly. Would you rather have an old $5 bill or a new one?"

Wife—"A new one, of course

Hub—"Well, here's the one and I'm $4 to the good."

THE HOME LIBRARY OF LAW
THE HOME LIBRARY OF LAW
THE HOME LIBRARY OF LAW

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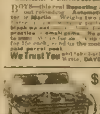

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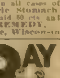

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On the Big Drive

Or, Glen Dayton's Fortune

By Milford Merrill

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CHAPTER XVIII.

GLEN hastened to stable Black Jim, give him a rub down, and whisper a few pet phrases in his ear, for which he got in return an appreciating whinny.

"Now be good, old Jim, and you shall have a nice feed of oats," cried the boy, going out. Not all the excitement in the village could prevent the boy attending to the comfort of his beloved horse.

Glen realized from sights and sounds that his men, now swelled to a full hundred sturdy drivers, were enjoying a holiday. Who had ordered it? And they were drinking whisky, becoming loud-mouthed from its effects.

"A mean piece of business," he muttered, frowning. "I wouldn't have thought Jack would have permitted it."

He hated to lose faith in his good friend.

"Hello, Glen. My Lord! I am glad you've got back again."

The boy driver stared at the speaker. The voice was Jack's, but the features and make-up were strange enough. The speaker's clothes were almost in shreds, hanging from his broad shoulders; his hat was torn and dirty, while face and hands were scratched, bleeding and almost unrecognizable, with both eyes [illegible] and swollen.

"Great Scot! Is it you, Jack?" gasped Glen. "What has happened?"

"Go ask the men of the drive," choked wide Jack, his voice quivering. "I have met the enemy and been licked. Yes, I own up to getting the worst of the battle, Glen, but I gave them fellows something to think of for a while, anyhow."

"'Them fellows,' Jack?"

"Blink Wade, big Eph Eckles and a dozen others, including the Lixy boys. They all tackled me at once, and I went thru 'em like a shot, but they were too many for me at last, and I fear have spoiled my beauty for one while. Had a reg'lar rebellion, Glen, because of a new cuss, a stranger to all of us, who came here and undertook to boss the job you left in my hands."

"Is his name Nick Shiverdang, Jack?"

"So he calls himself, Shiverdang or Givadang, I ain't sure which," volunteered Jack, whose wide face was becoming more swollen each moment. "And now the whole crew is in the street filling up with redeye. 'Twas against my orders, but this Shiverdang cuss said the boys might have a little vacation in order to celebrate the new boss, meaning himself."

"Scandalous!" cried Glen.

"It's rotten mean," blurted Jack Adams, leaning against a convenient tree, picking at his fluttering rags. "I did the best I could, old man. I licked a dozen, and some one said Blink Wade's neck is broken. They carried him off for dead, anyhow, and he was the one I aimed at mostly."

"Why, Jack! Did you have a gun?"

"No, jest a good welt on the gullet of my fist. I owed that devil one as you know, and he got it good and plenty. Eckles——"

"Those men," cried Glen. "Of all the riffraff in the North woods they are the worst. I meant not to allow them a foothold in a crew of mine."

"They came while you was gone, of course," explained Jack. "Of course I didn't hire either one. I knew they were both enemies of yours; but they sneaked in somehow, toting a jug of whisky, which started the ball rolling. Oh, it's been a great time. I am blamed sorry I hadn't got it quieted down before you came, but this Shiverdang's got a letter from old Weatherby of Oxbow, telling that you had resigned and that this Shiver chap was appointed in your place. That caused trouble, but everybody knows old Weatherby is the kingpin of the booming company, and what could I do? He read the letter to the boys at noon, and after that I couldn't control 'em. His offer of free whisky and a vacation, without loss of time, took like wildfire."

"Naturally it would," agreed Glen.

The mischief was already done, and there was serious work ahead. The sound of hilarity was wafted to the two boys as they stood in the edge of the town. Glen took Jack into his confidence, and the two consulted as to the proper method of procedure.

"You say you've got a contract, also a letter to Shiverdang, telling him to quit dead. It that it, Glen?"

"Yes, Jack."

"Then our work, or at least yours, is to see this usurper and throw him out. Once rid of him the rest may come easy," altho Glen realized that his friend was by no means sure on this point. Men in liquor are not very easily managed. When Glen mentioned the idea of facing the crowd and giving them a piece of his mind, his friend shook his battered head.

"No use going in along that line, boss," he said. "When whisky's in, sense is out, Glen."

"What would you advise, Jack?"

"It all lies with Shiverdang."

"You think so?"

"I know it. He's made the men believe he's the high-mucky-muck of the whole shooting-match. Get him off his high horse, and the rest won't be so hard. I'm afraid, tho, that it's gone too far. I don't understand what Old Man Weatherby was thinking of writing that order, sending a stranger up here to take your place. Did you resign, Glen?"

"Sure not."

The boy driver then entered into a brief explanation, showing up Shedd Weatherby in his true light.

"That man ought to be sent to the penitentiary," growled Jack. "But if you've got a countermand from him, Shiverdang'll have to get out, and I'm mighty glad, for I feared you'd let 'em bounce you, Glen."

"Where will I find this Shiverdang?" asked Glen.

"He's up at Renthal's lumber office—or was."

The two boys made their way up town, which was really but a mushroom burg in the pine woods, headquarters for a big lumber firm. Glen went at once to the office designated by Jack, and there saw a tall, lean, rather distinguished-looking man of middle age, in conversation with John Renthal.

"Something for you, Glen?" queried the lumberman, turning his attention to the boy. Jack had sat down on the steps outside, not wishing to prejudice his friend's case by butting in, especially in his present dilapidated condition.

"I am seeking a gentleman named Shiverdang," said Glen.

"That is my name," quickly spoke the lumberman's visitor, the tall man of distinguished appearance.

"And this is Mr. Glen Dayton of Oxbow, Mr. Shiverdang," introduced the lumberman. "Shall I retire?" Without waiting for an answer, the speaker left his chair and entered an adjoining room, leaving Glen and the other boss sole occupants of the office.

"You are looking for me, you say?" questioned Shiverdang.

"Yes; you can readily guess why."

"Not in a year," and the tall man looked quite severe.

"It's about the drive."

"Ah, the drive?" A perceptible sneer curled the man's thin lips.

"Yes," said Glen, "about the log-driving. I am the contractor, and I have come from down-river to take charge. I understand that Mr. Weatherby sent you here while he was laboring under a mistaken notion that I was to quit the job. He's been convinced that he made a mistake. Here are instructions for you to act upon."

Glen produced the Weatherby letter, placing it in the hand of Shiverdang. The man read it without changing color. At the end he tossed the letter to the floor, grinding it beneath his heel.

"I want you to understand," said he, "that I take no orders from you or anybody else. I am manager of the Big Drive from this time on, and shall not retire."

Glen was afraid of this. The man was made of stern material, a natural boss, with the arbitrary pose of one used to command. The fellow, by standing out, could make no end of trouble. Wishing to avoid this, and get at the work of driving the logs, Glen decided to take a conciliatory course.

"I have no quarrel with you, Mr. Shiverdang," said the boy, calmly. "I have a contract with the Oxbow Booming Company——"

"So have I!" interrupted the tall man, at the same time producing a long envelope from an inner pocket. "Cast your weather eye over that, young fellow, and see what you make of it."

Having placed the envelope in Glen's hand, Shiverdang sat down, crossing one knee over the other, drawing out a cigar, which he proceeded to light with the utmost sang-froid.

Glen glanced over the inclosure. It proved to be a regularly drawn instrument, a sure-enough contract, between Nicholas Shiverdang and the Oxbow Booming Company, in which the party of the second part agreed for a certain sum per thousand feet to drive all the logs belonging to said company from Howe Lake to Oxbow.

"Isn't that all right, young man?"

"It looks that way," smiled Glen, handing back the paper, "only, since I have an equally binding contract, dated several weeks prior to this, I think mine will hold."

"You have a contract?"

"Yes."

"But Mr. Weatherby said there was nothing more than a verbal agreement between you and the company, that you had broken that in a dozen ways, and that he wanted a man to take immediate charge. Of course, I wouldn't come onto a job like this without having ample justification. I have run the Wisconsin rivers for the past nine years, and know all about the ins and outs of the business. What was that old man thinking of when he gave me this job, Mr. Dayton?"

"A little spite work, sir."

And then Glen explained the condition of affairs in a manner that seemed to convince his listener that the boy was in the right.

"I am sorry," and Shiverdang gnawed his mustache thoughtfully.

After a minute given to reflection, he bent over and picked up the letter he had ground beneath his heel. Spreading this out, he read it again. It was plain from this that Shiverdang was to make way for his young competitor. He stated in the letter that he, Weatherby, had forgotten about the first contract, and regretted very much to have to countermand the second contract.

"The old scoundrel!" commented Shiverdang, turning a scowling face toward Glen. "I see; it is as you say, the old villain thought that first contract made with you was destroyed, and he played a base game to injure you."

Glen Dayton nodded assent to this.

"All right," with a smothered oath. "I don't wish to undermine any one. I know one thing, tho, if I had a little money I'd make it warm for this rascal at the head of the Oxbow Booming Company. I happen to know that he is in the tights. His debts are many, and his creditors are pressing him hard."

"And yet Weatherby is a very rich man," said Glen.

"Rich in a way, yes," admitted the other. "But men often find themselves collar-bound, even when the public account them wealthy. If all his debts were paid Shedd Weatherby wouldn't have a roof to shelter him—the scoundrel!"

"Is it possible?"

"Furthermore, if, as I said, I had the money, I'd buy up all these accounts against the old fellow and then make him sweat. He deserves it. He treated me outrageously, and you he meant to slaughter."

Man and boy quitted the office together. Jack had slipped away, so the two passed down the road toward center town together.

"I don't approve of too much drinking among the crew," explained Shiverdang, as they proceeded, "but I had to do something to get on the right side of the boys, so I gave 'em half a day off for sport. Tomorrow I expected them to buckle into the work in dead earnest."

"You will speak to them, won't you, sir?" from Glen.

"Righto, my boy," declared the man, with emphasis. "I'm going to stop with you a few days, looking around. I may decide to purchase some pine in this region. Any advice I can give, Mr. Dayton, will be gladly turned over."

"Thank you, sir," said Glen. "And I shall be mighty glad to have you stop with us as long as you like."

"It won't be long. I mean to think up some plan to get even with old Weatherby. I'm out considerable money coming up here, paying tavern bills, losing time——"

"As for that, I'll stand the expense," quickly cried our hero, who had extricated himself from a bad predicament much easier than he had at one time reason to expect.

Glen met Jack a little later.

"Where is Phil?" asked the boy driver. "I hope he isn't drinking with these drivers. He——"

"Phil's gone," informed Jack, somewhat glumly.

"Gone where?"

"Nobody knows. He got on an awful spree on the liquor Wade and Eckles

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fetched to camp, and disappeared one night."

CHAPTER XIX.

GLEN DAYTON was shocked at the news regarding Phil. Jack expressed the opinion that the minister's son was not worth saving. Our hero felt that he had done what he could for the Green Mountain boy. He had chosen to fall from grace, and must now make his own path in life.

The drive occupied the whole attention from this time on of Glen and his live helper, Jack Adams. The latter soon recovered from his rough handling. Wade did not die, but he left camp, promising never to return. With Eph Eckles Glen had a sharp set-to.

"You are a disturber where you go, Eph Eckles," scolded Glen. "You came into camp now against my wishes, and contaminated poor Phil Deckford during my absence. I ought to turn you over to an officer for punishment."

"I feel meachin' enough without that, Glen," pleaded the man, whose vacant front teeth showed in a grin. Glen remembered how he had been instrumental in opening that fissure in the face of the woods bully, and wondered why the man was so anxious to get back into his employ. "Let me stay on the drive, and you'll find me one of the most faithful workers you've got on the job. As for that lad Phil, I hadn't a thing to do with getting him drunk. It was Blink Wade who did that, consarn his hide!"

"I don't wonder you are ashamed of it," reprimanded Glen. "You may stay as long as you behave yourself, but the next time you bring whisky into camp or drink any yourself, that day you go out of here, neck and heels."

Plain talk, yet the big bully only grinned, seeming not to resent it.

For weeks after that Eckles proved a good worker, and one of the best men on the drive. The Lixys Glen discharged for their connection with the assault on Jack Adams. The latter requested Glen to let them remain, but the driver boss would not forgive the half-breeds after all that had happened.

The weather proved favorable during June and the half of July, so that the log-drivers made good progress in sacking and moving down the stream the largest single river cut of pine logs in the history of the United States. Glen felt proud of his success, and also learned to respect and like the man who had been sent by the king of Oxbow to supersede him in command of the small army of peevy men.

Nick Shiverdang proved himself a most worthy helper. He was not too proud to grasp a peevy and go upon the jam when need arrived. In fact, the nerve and handiness of the Wisconsin man aided more than once in solving some of the most intricate puzzles of jam-breaking.

"I am going to see this thing thru to the end," declared the Wisconsin driver, when Glen questioned him as to the time of his departure.

"But this is unexpected," declared the boy boss. "You have rendered me invaluable service already, and you serve in a menial capacity when you might easily be getting a large salary as foreman or boss on one of the Western rivers. I can't quite comprehend——"

"Don't try to, my boy," laughingly broke forth Shiverdang. "I know what I can afford to do better than any other person on earth. If I choose to help you put the boots to old Weatherby, whose lookout is it only ours?"

"But what has your stopping on the drive got to do with the Oxbow mill-owner? I hope you don't harbor any ill will toward him."

"Nor good will, either," laughed Shiverdang. "The old man is in a tight place, and it wouldn't surprise me if he went into liquidation before fall. I am not very much at enmity with the fellow, but I really owe him a shaking up, if nothing more, for the way he used a friend of mine upon a certain occasion. No, I think I won't tell the friend's name, but you don't object to my staying right here on the job till it is thru, do you?"

"Nothing would suit me better, Mr. Shiverdang," declared Glen.

And thus it was arranged.

Jack stood manfully to the work, often wading waist-deep in muddy water to roll out logs that only the utmost efforts of pick and canthook would loosen and send on down the stream.

Everybody seemed to work in harmony after Glen's return. The example of Shiverdang and Jack inspired the drivers to do their best. The latter had early ingratiated himself with the drivers. His fund of stories seemed never exhausted, and the times he tooted his horn in unison with Rube Hectare's fiddle and Brutus' whining howl fetched shouts of laughter from the men.

At one of the larger towns on the river some of the drivers joined in a regulation backwoods dance, having for the once lady partners, and Rube's fiddle was in evidence with a dulcimer and second violin.

Much like army life is this work of driving sawlogs down the long windings of the Western rivers. There is plenty of hard, disagreeable work, not a few accidents, yet withal there is a time for amusement, which aids much in enlivening and heartening those who come up out of the muddy waters of the river, tired, yet filled with the health-giving atmosphere of all outdoors.

Accidental drownings occasionally occur. The body of a man was found floating in the river one morning after the drive had passed below the settlement where the dance had been held.

A half-filled flask of whisky was found in the pocket of the dead. No one seemed to recognize the drowned man. Glen and Shiverdang manned one of the large canoes and conveyed the unfortunate to the nearest settlement. It was not until Jack Adams looked at the bruised and swollen features that light dawned.

"So you don't know him, Glen?" he asked.

"No," from the boy log-driver. "One of the unfortunates that meet death because of whisky."

"Well, that's true all right," from Jack. "Also, and furthermore, we shan't be troubled any more with Blink Wade."

"What, not Benner Wade, Jack?"

"The same, my friend."

Glen bent low over the disfigured face and bloated form. Now that Jack called him by name the features of the dead man took on a new shape. There were old familiar marks in that countenance not to be denied—it was Blink Wade sure enough.

"Such a death!" ejaculated Glen.

"The to be expected wind-up to the life of a man like him," remarked Nicholas Shiverdang, solemnly.

"True, yet it seems hard," murmured Glen. "He had a mother once. With all his evil passions, Blink Wade must have had some good in him somewhere."

Jack Adams shook his head.

"I never saw any signs of it," he voiced slowly.

The body of the dead woodsman was turned over to the village authorities, who promised to hunt up any relatives and notify them.

Glen learned afterward that no relative was found, so the body of the reckless and sinister Benner Wade was consigned to the corner of the pine woods graveyard given over to the resting-place of other unknowns who had come to violent deaths in the woods.

Still other tragedies occurred before the drive was over, and as a result three men lost their lives in the treacherous river.

It was August when the rear of the Big Drive reached the thriving lumbering town of Wenago. The landmarks here were all familiar to our Glen. He was glad enough to find himself on the last lap of the long drive with his financial prospects of the brightest.

"I think perhaps I had better leave you here, Glen Dayton," smilingly remarked Nick Shiverdang. "I have had a handsome three months in the Michigan woods, on a Michigan river, and I find the boys of the woods about the same everywhere—very cosmopolitan, you know."

"True enough," agreed Glen, who had among his drive crew men from almost every civilized nation under the sun. There were Russians, Poles, Scandinavians, French, Germans, Irish, Hollanders, two Portuguese and three Spaniards. Also English, Scotch and a lot of New England Yankees.

"I have learned that you are true blue, my young friend, and nothing I can say for you in the future shall remain unsaid," continued the Wisconsin logger. He shook Glen warmly by the hand at parting. "I am to meet an old chum of mine at Oxbow. We roughed it together among the mountains of California a few years ago. I have just learned that he is somewhere in this vicinity, and I can't rest till I meet the old fellow again."

"What's his name?" asked Glen.

"Hethridge."

"What!" exclaimed the boy. "Do you mean Simon Hethridge?"

"Exactly. Do you know him?"

"I certainly do," declared Glen. "I saved his life once. He's an eccentric old codger, a sort of hermit. Sometimes I have thought he was in a measure demented—or perhaps weak-minded."

"Not the man I mean," quickly defended Shiverdang. "He and I chummed together five years in the mountains. I made a little money, but he made more. He was queer, I'll admit, but not crazy. I think he may have had some domestic trouble in his youth. Anyhow, he was pretty close-mouthed. I haven't seen Sime in over two years. Got word night before last that he was at Oxbow and wanted to see me; that's why I am leaving you, Glen."

"I see. But you must tell me more of this Hethridge. Who and what is he? I must confess that he puzzles me. He has been very good to me, all right."

"Oh, Sime's one of the best men on earth. I'd lay my life that he would never do anybody a wrong. Better keep in with him. He's well-heeled, my boy."

"About how much is he worth?"

"Close onto a million."

"Whew!" ejaculated Glen.

"Some pile, eh?" chuckled the man from Wisconsin. "He struck it rich in California gold fields, and after that he invested in both Wisconsin and Michigan pine lands. I've no doubt he'll some day be worth treble what he is worth now."

"And to think," said Glen, "that when I rescued him from the flood that promised to drown him two years ago, he lived the life of a hermit in a small shack on an island!"

"That's his eccentricity. He's a queer duck, but all right as the world goes. I'll see you again at Oxbow, Glen, my boy."

On the evening of his arrival at Wenago, Glen turned his steps in the direction of John A. Beaver's home, where he expected to find his Aunt Eunice.

He was not disappointed in this. As the boy approached the house in the dusk of evening, he caught sight of two forms, those of a man and a woman, standing under a tree in the garden of the home. The woman was Mrs. Trescott. Glen saw the man, a stranger to him, bend low and impress a kiss upon the pale cheek of his staid Aunt Eunice.

CHAPTER XX.

THE boy log-driver was somewhat startled. A man, and a stranger at that, actually saluting his aunt with a fervid kiss!

Glen's first thought was one of indignation, the next that if it pleased his Aunt Eunice, why should he object? But since he was a little child this staid woman, so like an own mother to him, had fought shy of the men, seemingly wholly indifferent to them. But here was evidence that his aunt had a beau!

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BEFORE
4TH WEEK
6TH WEEK

Successful Scientific Treatment
FREE OF CHARGE

Do you suffer from loss of hair?—Does your hair get prematurely gray?—Is your hair stripy, sticky or matted?—Do you suffer from dandruff, itching or eczema of the scalp?—Are you bald-headed or about to become so?

If you suffer from any of the above mentioned hair troubles do not neglect it, but try to relieve the trouble at once. Delays are dangerous. Write at once for our illustrated booklet.

"The Triumph of Science Over Baldness."

FREE TREATMENT

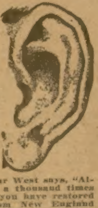
We want to prove to you at our own risk that the Calvacura Hair Treatment stops falling of the hair; destroys dandruff and eczema of the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair. We will send you a box of Calvacura No. 1, together with the above mentioned booklet, "The Triumph of Science Over Baldness," if [illegible] us your name and address, together with 10 [illegible] silver or postage stamps to help pay the distribution expenses.

[illegible] coupon below and send today to [illegible]RATORY, BOX 125, UNION, N. Y.

[illegible] 10 cents to help pay the distribu- [illegible] send me at once your Calvacura [illegible] "The Triumph of Science [illegible] coupon in your letter.)

Forced by Gratitude
OF HUNDREDS
To Repeat His Offer

OF SOME TIME AGO IN BOYCE'S WEEKLIES



I have been so moved lately by the gratitude of Boyce's Weeklies' Readers that I have decided to make again the offer which I made some time ago. This is what I said: "I am going to Give Away a Free Treatment for Deafness, to every sufferer who asks for it."

The letters of request have poured in; letters of grateful thanks have also poured in. From every part of the continent, the people whom I have cured of that terrible affliction — Deafness—are thanking me.

A letter from the Far West says, "Allow me to thank you a thousand times for the good hearing you have restored to me." A letter from New England says, "I bless the day I saw your offer, for you have cured me of Deafness."

DEAFNESS TREATMENT FREE

These many letters of gratitude have touched my heart, and so I say again to the readers of Boyce's Weeklies, "I will give away a Free Treatment for Deafness to every sufferer who writes for it."

This offer can only be made for a very short time. If you are Deaf, or have any trouble with your ears, write for a Free Treatment.

This treatment is entirely free. I want to help you. I know what you suffer in the approach of Deafness, and the intolerable agony of complete Deafness. I know that I have cured many, many people who were Deaf. I want you to have the same opportunity to hear again. Write to-day for my treatment for Deafness.

Send off now, a post card or letter with your full name and address. Don't delay, or it may be too late. If you have even the slightest feeling that something is wrong with your ears, be on the safe side and send for treatment. It won't cost you anything. If you are growing Deaf, and have become discouraged and tired of experimenting, profit by the example of those who have been cured by my treatment. Many of these people thought that they never could be cured, they had tried so many different things which never did them any good. My treatment restored their hearing. Write to-day for a Free Deafness Treatment, to

Deafness Specialist Sproule,
306 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

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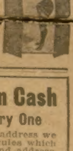
OUR LATEST NOVELTY



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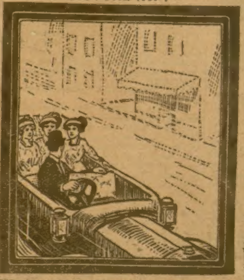
PICTURE No. 7



His Scheme
Looking Good
Before the Fall
Careless
Enjoyment
His View
The Test
It's Bound to Come
Some Spender
Fortunate Man
The Limit-Plus
In 1924
Gets His
His Favorite Position
Bricks Without Straw
Administrative Neglect
Popular-Science Vote
Restraint of Trade
A Light Meal
At Least An Hour's Work
Absolutely
Canny
Wrong Method
Scared
Stop Order
After Vacation
His Right Hand
Efficacious
After Marriage
Proof Desired
A Shantytown Sinecure
Linguistics
In the Future
Aces Up
Fashion's Decree
A Labor of Love
Running Conversation
All Conveniences
Wanted a Square Deal
Black on Black
Dangerous Crossing
Stab in the Back
Motor Melodrama
Do They Take Theirs Straight?
A Lively Exception
The Voice of Experience
Faithful Likeness
All in the Viewpoint
Presence of Mind
At the Stage Entrance

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Picturegame Editor, The Boyce Publications,
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Glen felt awed and dumfounded, and yet he smiled. There was something so ludicrous about the whole thing. Of course, the explanation was that his aunt had met up with a man during his absence who had appealed to her heart, and the outcome promised to be the loss of his foster-mother.

Passing into the grounds, Glen met the audacious stranger coming out. As they were passing, the man half paused, hesitated, glanced keenly at the boy, then hurried on his way without speaking. Glen turned and gazed after the retreating form. There seemed to be something familiar about the fellow, yet our hero was unable just then to place him.

Mrs. Trescott met Glen as he was sweeping haughtily up the path. Both hands went out, and a warm kiss rested on the boy driver's tanned cheek. It was good, after all, to feel the motherly salute after all these weeks, and the pressure of two arms about his shoulders.

"I am so glad you are back," she said, laughing thru her tears.

"And I am mighty glad to get into God's country once more," returned the boy, heartily. He surveyed his aunt for a full minute without speaking further. He saw that in her face that surprised and pleased him, a new glow of happiness that he had never before seen upon that sorrowful countenance.

"You are feeling better, Aunt Eunice," said he.

"Oh, I am feeling very good, indeed, Glen," said she, her eyes shining with deep feeling. "To have you back, safe and sound, is enough to make me happy, Glen dear."

"And is that all, auntie?"

"All? What do you mean?"

"Haven't you found some one else you like better than you do me?"

He kept his eyes glued on her face. Of a sudden the pleased look vanished, her cheeks flushed suddenly, after which they became pale, something like a shadow covering her like a shroud. What did it mean?

"Oh, Glen, let us go inside. Mr. Beaver wishes to see you," suddenly spoke the aunt. At the same time she turned toward the side entrance to the rather imposing dwelling.

"I will see him in good time," granted Glen, "but just now I would talk with you, Aunt Eunice. You seem to have taken on flesh, and I know you are keeping something from me."

"How wise we are!" and Aunt Eunice faced him with a little tremulous laugh. "There shan't be any secrets between my boy and me——"

"Good!" cried Glen.

But Mrs. Trescott did not open her heart just then. Instead, she turned again and tripped with the lightness of sweet sixteen toward the house. Here was more evidence of mystery and confusing suspicions. It was all so strange, his Aunt Eunice, the open-minded, concealing something from her boy.

Glen followed thoughtfully into the house. Here he met John A. Beaver, the great Wenago millowner and lumberman, the straightest man on the river.

"You are doing great things, they tell me, boy," greeted the lumberman, after Glen had taken the chair proffered by the other.

"That is as you look at it, sir."

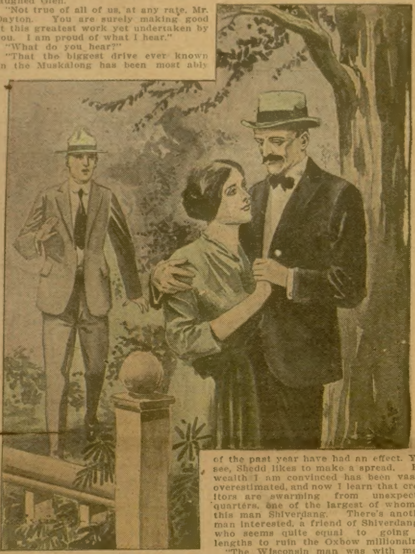
"As we all know it, Glen," chuckled the other. "I have been watching you, my lad."

"Doubtless I will bear watching," laughed Glen.

"Not true of all of us, at any rate, Mr. Dayton. You are surely making good at this greatest work yet undertaken by you. I am proud of what I hear."

"What do you hear?"

"That the biggest drive ever known on the Muskalong has been most ably managed by the boy contractor; that he will come out with a nice wad to his credit this fall."



The woman was Mrs. Trescott.

"Who has retailed such stuff?" grinned Glen.

"Oh, it's common talk; and let me tell you it has made that aunt of yours as happy and as proud as a peacock of her boy. She's a boss woman, Glen. We all love her dearly, and——"

The rapid spoken words fell suddenly to a choking b-u-r-r, ceasing most unexpectedly.

"Yes, Mr. Beaver?" queried the interested Glen.

"It's all because of your masterful management, boy——"

"Never mind the guff, sir," protested Glen. "I have done the best that was in me, have tried to do my duty, and begin to see daylight, altho I do not forget that the butt end of all the work is yet to come. There is a chance that between here and Oxbow I may lose out. We are hardly out of the wilderness yet."

"True," admitted Beaver. "There are some hard propositions between here and the mouth of the river. I sometimes think the last forty miles is the hardest on the Muskalong. The Sand Flats is a teaser; there are other points like Old Woman's Bend, Maple Top, Milliron Point, Three Rivers, the Dam and the like; but you know all these like a book. You encountered some husky work there when you rafted lumber for me."

"That reminds me," said Glen, "that I haven't inquired about the rafting business. There being more logs in the river than ever before, you and the other millowners must have suffered a good deal?"

"Not as much as usual," smilingly assured Mr. Beaver. "Those chaps at Oxbow have quit showing their teeth, and are doing the fair thing by us this year. They have kept more men on the booms and along the river, so that there have been very few bad jams for us to contend with. You see, it was Shedd Weatherby who made all the trouble in the past. His reign has been done away with. The new management are disposed to be fair. I imagine you feel quite resigned to the fact that Weatherby has also gone out of the booming office."

"Has he? I did not know that. Why?"

"I think a man named Shiverdang had something to do with it."

"Shiverdang! Why, he worked for me on the drive till very recently. I didn't suppose he had any influence at Oxbow."

"More than most people imagine. He is a Wisconsin lumberman, but he seems to know Shedd Weatherby even better than the most of us. It is whispered that the king of Oxbow is in financial straits."

"I heard something of that," admitted our hero.

"I believe it is true," pursued the millowner. "Altho he has cut a wide swath of late, it is apparent that the close times of the past year have had an effect. You see, Shedd likes to make a spread. His wealth I am convinced has been vastly overestimated, and now I learn that creditors are swarming from unexpected quarters, one of the largest of whom is this man Shiverdang. There's another man interested, a friend of Shiverdang's, who seems quite equal to going all lengths to ruin the Oxbow millionaire."

"The Wisconsin man was with me a number of weeks. In fact, he was an appointee of Weatherby's to my place, you know, and magnanimously conceded to me all my rights in the matter, serving afterward as an ordinary driver. I was very much impressed in his favor. Now who is the second man, Mr. Beaver?"

"I don't know his name, only that he is working to plunge Shedd Weatherby into bankruptcy."

"How did you learn this, sir?" quickly asked Glen, himself deeply interested in what promised to be a revolution in the affairs of some of his friends.

"From Mrs. Trescott."

"What?" cried the surprised boy. "Not from Aunt Eunice?"

"Certainly from her, Glen," smilingly returned the millowner.

"Well, what do you think of that?"

John A. Beaver lit a cigar and began to smoke. He knew better than to offer a weed to his boy friend, understanding full well that Glen had none of the lesser vices incident to manhood, and of course none of the greater.

"You seem surprised?" drawled the great man, between puffs.

"I should say I am."

"About what?"

"About your extracting such information from my aunt."

"We did not have to use any sweating tactics, either," smiled Beaver.

"Oh, of course not. I should not expect you or Mrs. Beaver to even unduly question my aunt. Another thing?"

"Yes, Glen?"

"How in the world did Aunt Eunice obtain this information you speak of? Surely it is not public property. Somebody must have been talking out of meeting."

"Somebody has, and I suspect it is this friend of Shiverdang's."

"Has he been here at Wenago?"

"Oh, yes; almost daily during the past week."

"To see some one in the village?"

"I should take it so, my boy," and the smile deepened on the face of the millowner.

"Please don't speak in riddles any longer, Mr. Beaver," urged the boy. "I admit I am curious. Tell me all that you know, if, of course, it is not a dead secret."

"Well, the fact is, Glen, your aunt has been receiving company this week past in the shape of a very handsome middle-aged gentleman; a man of striking appearance, and apparent business qualifications."

"What's his name?"

"Can't tell you that, my boy," from Beaver. "Your aunt hasn't confided that much to our keeping. Of one thing, however, I am assured."

"What is that?"

Glen was deeply interested in what was a puzzling mystery to him.

"The gentleman who is so deeply interested in your aunt is the partner and friend of Nicholas Shiverdang, the man who has pitted himself against the King of Oxbow, seemingly anxious to encompass that worthy's ruin. Who or what he is I do not know, only that he is lined with money, and not afraid to spend it. I did not pry into anything, because I realized that Mrs. Trescott would tell us, of her own free will, what she wanted us to know."

Just then a man came to the door and called for the millowner, who went from the room, leaving our boy hero a prey to the most astounding and conflicting emotions of his young life.

Next week's Ledger will contain the concluding chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

A Noble Brute.

"You may not believe it," observed the man from Lake Forest, "but the gentlest dog in the world is a bulldog."

"Oh, I don't know," answered Woodland Park resident. "I do not care to argue. It seems to me that bulldogs are not as smart as other breeds."

"They don't look smart," conceded the man from Lake Forest. "But they are pretty deep when it comes to thinking out villainy and revenge. A good bulldog of angelic disposition has the heavy man in the melodrama backed off the boards."

"You mean he does a lot of chewing and growling."

"Well, yes, but he makes the punishment fit the crime. There is a sort of relentless logic about the fate that overtakes you when you trifle with a bulldog.

"Now, there is that dog of mine. I decided to punish him, but I did not care to chastise him. So I just locked him in a room all by his lonely and gave him a chance to meditate over his sins.

"He was so quiet in there that my conscience got to hurting me after an hour or so, and I just had a look in. Without emitting one growl that bulldog had chewed a rug, a pair of curtains, two pairs of trousers, three pairs of shoes, a bedspread, the legs off a chair, part of a window-sill, the knobs off a bureau and a mandolin.

"That was more dignified than a lot of growling and scratching, such as other and more insignificant dogs would have been guilty of. He did no whining at all. He never even looked reproachful as I went away and left him alone in disgrace. He didn't whine or grovel or shake his tail or look sheepish or even triumphant when I went into the room and saw what he had done. Now suppose I had shoved my No. 8 right into the middle of his ribs. He would have gone to work and chewed something else.

"In times of peace he never thinks of doing anything like that. He is as amiable and quiet as a lamb. He never barks and never bites and never digs holes in the lawn. He never cultivates unseemly acquaintances or chases cats. He is a chewer, pure and simple. That is his one weapon, and is very skilled in its use."

"I would prefer to have a dog with some other accomplishment," yawned the Woodland Park man. "Most any other, in fact. My motto is: 'Choose not the dog that chews you!'"

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The Fairy Corner

A FAIRY STORY.

"I hate boys!" declared Harriet, as she stamped her foot and glared at her brother, who, with tantalizing smile, stood with his foot upon a white Teddy Bear, while he dangled a doll by her wig. "I hate boys and I don't see what good they are anyway. Gimme my doll and Teddy, or I'll—I'll get Bob Moore to fix you!" At this Jack laughed, scornfully, and bit with provoking indifference into a big red apple.

"You just wait, I'll get even with you," flung the exasperated Harriet, accompanying her words with an emphatic motion of her small fist. Then, turning, she climbed into the boughs of a large cherry tree, where she sat and watched her brother, who, as soon as she was gone, tossed the Teddy Bear and the doll into a corner and made off to a new field of action.

As soon as the coast was clear Harriet picked up her abused toys, and, carrying them to the playhouse in a corner of the yard, she smoothed Dolly's rumpled gown and cleaned Teddy's soiled coat. Then she left her pets and climbed back into the cherry tree with a book of fairy stories. What larks! There was a story that fitted her case exactly, for it was about a cruel brother and his little sister, who was a princess.

The queer thing about this princess—magic, of course—was her beautiful, long, golden hair, which, tho doubled up four times, was still long enough to reach the ground. Her brother had arranged for her to marry a hideous but rich old man, and when she refused to tiful maiden who let down the braids of her hair, and who, upon the utterance of another rhyme, slowly drew the knight to the window by means of those braids. After a few minutes he descended and, freeing himself from the beautiful yellow hair, he mounted his steed and rode away, whereupon I, having memorized the magic words, decided to use them and then to await results. Permit me to say, dear lady, that I am delighted with them," and the prince kissed Alair's hand.

The girl saw that Sir Robin had been sent to be her deliverer and she hastened to tell her story. At its conclusion the knight uttered a fervent vow that so long as strength and sword should last he would protect this lady. Even as he finished speaking a loud voice was heard:

"Alair, Alair,
Let down thy hair."

"Must I obey?" whispered Alair. The prince bowed his head; the yellow coil, was thrown to the ground, and in response to the familiar couplet the cruel brother was drawn into the room, where, instead of meeting a weeping maiden, he faced a prince with a drawn sword. The battle was short and sharp and Prince Robin was the victor. Indeed, he would have killed the cruel brother had it not been for Alair's interference. And when, the brother having been spared, forgiveness was asked and granted, they all rode joyously home and lived happy ever after.

Harriet looked up from her book with a sigh—— "Such things never happen

her stubby black locks, while her prince uttered the second command and then climbed to a seat beside her. In a very dramatic voice he inquired her trouble, and he almost tumbled to the ground as he attempted a bow that would have been the envy of any real prince that might have seen it.

Loud calls and laughter interrupted. There was indeed the cruel brother taking in the whole scene!

"Alair, your hair
Is a joke for fair,"

he called teasingly, with bows and gestures of mock dignity.

Bob turned red and Harriet's black eyes flashed as she reminded her companion of his promise. The boy hesitated an instant, and then with a jump he was on the ground and was grappling with Jack, who, taken by surprise, was an easy victim. The boys clinched and rolled, but finally Bob, having the advantage of being better prepared, got the upper hand, and after a stinging blow in Jack's face he began to pull hair.

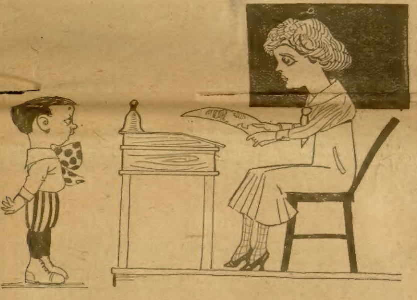
This was too much for Harriet; Jack's curly hair had secretly been her admiration, and, anyway, hair pulling wasn't in the bargain. Separating the boys, she helped Jack to his feet and told Bob to go home. Then when her brother, looking much ashamed, had gone to the house Harriet climbed back into the tree to soothe her ruffled feelings with another fairy romance. In the midst of the process she heard beneath the tree two roguish voices chanting—

"Alair, Alair,
Of the long hair,
Come from the tree,
We'd make up with thee."

And as Harriet looked thru the branches she saw Jack and Bob with laughing faces as happy as ever. She smiled and called to them:

"Run away, bad boys,
To your own true joys,
While Alair in her nook
Shall enjoy her book."

And then as she turned back to her story she said to herself: "Boys are not so bad after all."



Teacher—"Did any one help you with this map of the war?"
Johnny—"No, ma'am; my brother did it all by himself."

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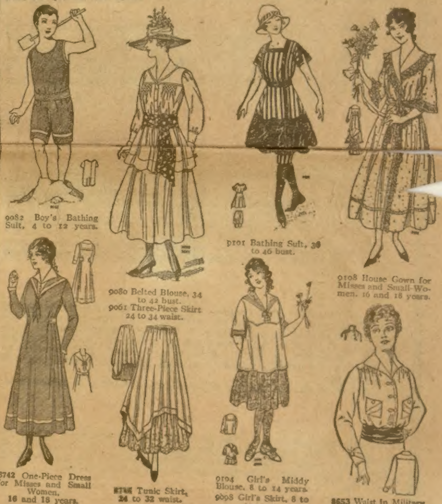

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8653 Waist in Military 32 to 42 bust.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making, with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

..........................CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO US..........................

THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. This entitles me to Five Pattern Coupons. Canada Subscription Price $1.50 per year.

NAME..

Street No.
or R. F. D...

Box............Town...

This is a..................Subscription.
(New or Renewal)

State..........................

If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number.) Coupons good for six months.

"CHUM" AND OUTFIT FREE

"Chum" is the most beautiful and lovable pony you ever saw; a full-blooded, registered Shetland Pony about 42 inches high and weighing about 300 pounds, just like you see in the picture. With "Chum" we send a complete outfit consisting of pony carriage, nickel silver-mounted harness, saddle and bridle. "Chum" and the entire outfit will be sent to the winner free of all charges. There is nothing to pay for, not even express. We pay everything and deliver "Chum" and outfit right to you.

Wouldn't you be the proudest and happiest person in the world if you owned "Chum" and his outfit? You can do it if you will solve the puzzle and mail the coupon now, right away. Think of the fun you could have with "Chum," taking your friends out for a drive or riding him on horseback to school. "Chum" knows lots of tricks now and learns tricks very easily. A real Shetland Pony like "Chum" is the most companionable and friendly pony that you ever saw.

Hundreds of boys and girls all over the country have won these dandy ponies. They won them by starting early. As soon as they saw the advertisement and puzzle they went to work to solve it and so got a great big start in the contest. Don't let any one tell you that you cannot win "Chum" and his outfit, for you get an early start if you answer this advertisement right away.

SOLVE THE PUZZLE NOW AND GET TWO THOUSAND FREE VOTES

To test your quickness, to put you on your mettle and to give you a good running start we are printing the pony prize puzzle shown below. This picture shows two of our friends driving a beautiful pony like the one we are going to give away. In this picture there are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. It is not so easy to find the faces in this picture, but by close search and turning and twisting the picture around you can find them. Can you find them? You will win a prize if you do. Try it. It will pay you.

When you have discovered at least four of these faces mark each one with a cross (X), cut out the picture, send your name and address on the coupon below it and mail it to us. Inclose with it two 2c stamps to help pay the cost of postage and mailing of a special prize which we will send you. We know you will appreciate it and that it will be a big surprise to you.

We will also make you a present of 2,000 Free Pony Votes and tell you all about this splendid pony which we are going to give away with a full set of harness and beautiful pony cart, saddle and bridle. We are also going to give away other prizes for just a little effort on your part.

We want to impress on you that it is very necessary to start at once. It doesn't matter where you live. We are determined to give "Chum" and his outfit to some boy or girl absolutely free, and it may as well be you as any one else. If you don't win, it will be your own fault. We are going to do our part to help you win.

LIBERAL REWARDS TO ALL

This is the most liberal contest ever announced, and it is so arranged that whether you win "Chum" and outfit or not, if you take part in the contest and start off now with the 2,000 Free Votes we give you, we guarantee that you will be richly rewarded for everything, little or big, that you do. Remember, you get the extra rewards right away. There is no waiting or delay until the end of the contest to get your special prizes or cash rewards.

Up here in our big building we have boxes and boxes of golden treasures that are yours almost for the asking. During the contest we will give away hundreds of bicycles, watches, bracelets, flashlights, and many other presents, too numerous to mention. Our plan is so simple that it seems more like a dream than a reality. Everybody gets a prize. We are a big company and delight in giving away expensive premiums to advertise our great weekly papers. Get your share of these presents. Solve the puzzle and mail the coupon now, before you turn this page. Get in on this great prize distribution, and you will be mighty glad.

EASIEST CONTEST OF ALL

Easiest contest devised. Our plan is different from others. There are no losers in this contest, and those who show that they really want to win we are ready to help. Start today and you can win this beautiful Shetland Pony, "Chum," and his outfit without any cost to you.

ANSWER THIS AD TODAY

Find at least four of the six partly hidden faces in the puzzle picture, mark each with a cross, fill out the coupon, cut out the picture and coupon and mail it to us with two 2c stamps to help pay the postage and mailing expenses of the dandy big surprise present that we will send you. We will also send you a certificate of entry in the pony contest and give you 2,000 Free Votes toward winning "Chum" and his outfit. There are no losers. Every one gets a prize for everything that he or she does and you are not limited to any one prize alone, for you can get many easily—besides, you want "Chum" and his outfit and we are going to help you win it.

DON'T WAIT—DON'T DELAY—MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY ➡

Do not delay another minute, but solve the puzzle and write your name and address on the coupon and mail it to us, inclosing two 2c stamps to help pay the cost of mailing the prize we will give you for solving the puzzle. It is dangerous to delay. We want you to win "Chum" and his outfit, and we will help you if you will show that you are quick. The quicker you are to mail the coupon, the better your chance will be for winning. Mail the coupon right away. Address

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY PONY CONTEST MANAGER
Department L
500-514 North Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS